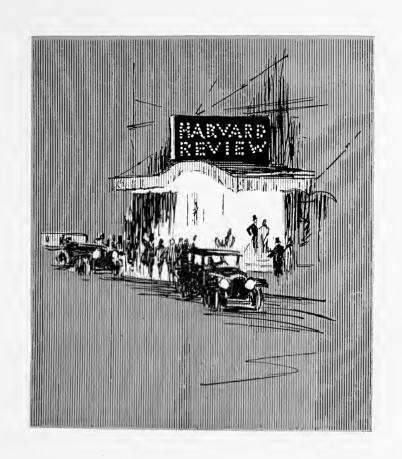


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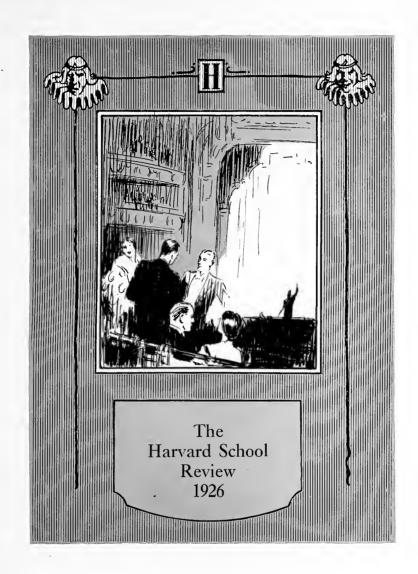






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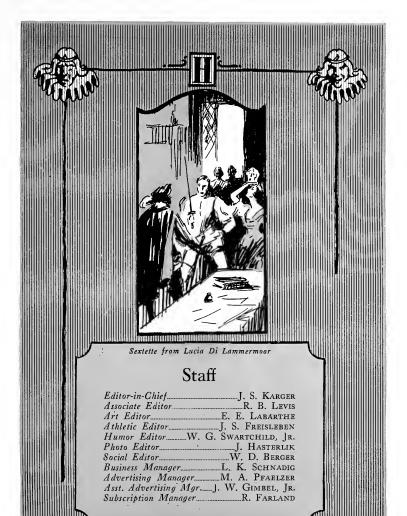
GIFT OF MIKE MC CARTHY & FAMILY FORT WAYNE, IN JULY 1999

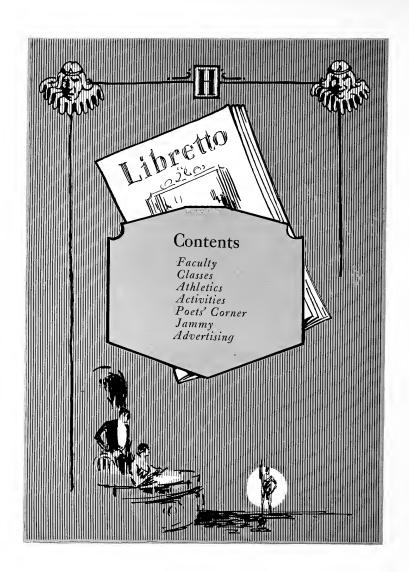












Faust, the Aged Philosopher

-Faust









JOHN J. SCHOBINGER

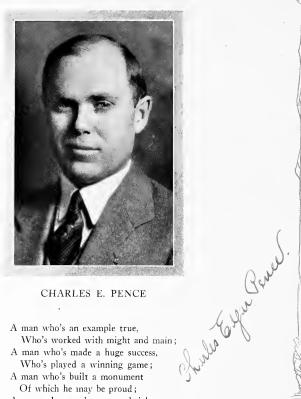
He's a friend who won't be forgotten,

Though the years in their onward tread
Have made dim the memories of Harvard
When the sunshine of schooldays has fled.
To him is Harvard indebted,

'Tis he whom the students revere,
Who, sought for his great store of learning.
Is a teacher that's always sincere.
And now in the streaks of his silvery hair
We may see his good fortune in life,
Our school, his work and achievement,

The product of long years of strife.





CHARLES E. PENCE

A man who's an example true, Who's worked with might and main; A man who's made a huge success, Who's played a winning game; A man who's built a monument Of which he may be proud; A man who stands upon a height, A leader in the crowd; A man who always lends a hand, The best of friends is he. All honor and respect to you,

Our chief, our guide, "C. E."





ELSIE SCHOBINGER

Tis a bright cheery "bonjour" that greets us
Each morn as we enter her door.

Tis the short fifty minutes that cheats us
Out of learning a great deal more.

She seems ever willing to please us,
As bravely we struggle ahead.

And often her whim is to tease us,
Though truly she aids us instead.

As teacher we'll value her learning;
As friend we'll miss her we know,
When in later years we'll be yearning
With memories of long ago.



WILBUR H. FORD

Mr. Ford, as one of the oldest and most respected members of the faculty, who has completed many years of faithful and diligent teaching at Harvard, is famed for his untiring patience and willingness to serve in every capacity. A familiar sight on every other Monday morning at 12:39 is to behold him hurrying down the third floor hall, his arms loaded with recently completed report books.

GEORGE E. HAEFNER

Although a newcomer, Mr. Haefner has readily taken his place as a pillar of the faculty. His English classes show the results of his thoroughness and systematic instruction, and by means of his original methods, he has succeeded in instilling into his pupils an hitherto dormant enthusiasm. Presenting an immaculate appearance, he stands by his desk with folded arms, studiously ignoring all irrelevant questions.

M. ELIZABETH PERLEY

Miss Perley has an advantage over her fellow faculty members, inasmuch as her day at Harvard does not commence until the afternoon. Serious and determined, yet good-natured and accommodating, this silver haired lady, by means of her thorough knowledge of German, has made such admirable progress in her classes that even the most delinquent have learned to conjugate "Ich bin" with a fair degree of accuracy.

ELIZABETH CROFTON

Miss Crofton, a recent addition to the corps of teachers, is not often seen on the third floor, but her presence is most assuredly felt in the primary department, where she makes known her abilities in the gentle art of developing Parisians. It has been rumored that "Son accent est très élégant." Although having thus far resisted the lure of bobbed hair, yet we have a premonition that she will soon succumb.





GEORGE F. VAUBEL

Who ever thinks of Harvard without associating with it our old stand-by, Uncle George? .His unfailing wit is a source of delight to his classes, especially when he employs his humor to entertain us hours after 3:10. But, returning to the serious, it is with real pleasure that we recall the hours spent in his company, and it is with genuine regret that we think of leaving him.

JOHN STALNAKER

In Mr. Stalnaker we have discovered something truly different in the line of teachers. Young, enthusiastic and companionable, he has gained many friends during his short stay at Harvard. He has undertaken with apparent good will the governing of a roomful of Sophs, and the instruction of mathematics in all its phases. Likewise he displays equal interest in exhibiting the entrails of cats and their prey.

HARRIET RICE

Our popular southerner is she who presides over the wild and woolly Freshmen. To her is allotted the stupendous undertaking of pounding into our heads the puzzles of "math." Towards eventide voices are hushed in expectation, as she enters each room as a messenger of gladness to proclaim in soft, drawling accents the names of those privileged to remain for Study Hall.

ANNA LETSCH

Although not a member of the faculty, Miss Letsch is a potent factor in the smooth running of the school. For example, how could we possibly obtain our morning nourishment or complain about the heat, cold or smoke (whichever the case may be)? Her skill in creating order out of chaos is miraculous, and she is welcome every month as she smilingly presents each teacher with his little white envelope.





EMMA B. WADDELL

Like Pathé News, she sees all and knows all. It is useless to dwell upon her ability as an instructress, which is well demonstrated in the final results of her efforts. Since the Senior class was the first to fall under her tutelage at Harvard, it heartily endorses the words of one now under her: "With what anticipations of joy we entered, and with what dire forebodings we think of leaving."

MARY M. JOHNSON

Mrs. Johnson is the kind-hearted lady whose jurisdiction extends over the activities of the entire Primary department. Motherly, and gentle, save when swept by righteous anger at the misdemeanor of one of her proteges, she is respected and revered by all. Many of the fathers of our present-day pupils received their fundamentals in mathematics from her famous sixty pages of arithmetic.

HARRIET McCUNE

As commander-in-chief of room B2, Miss McCune rules supreme in the seventh grade domain, and we have come to regard her as a fixture in our midst. She has taken an active interest in all school activities, including the REVIEW, in support of which she has given freely of her valuable assistance. To her falls the delightful responsibility of training the youthful seventh-graders for service in the school choir.

ESTELLE PETERSON

In the person of Miss Peterson is found another of those who may boast of many years at Harvard. She is a teacher thoroughly tried and proven and reasonably but firmly commanding the instant obedience of students and faculty alike, and the sincere respect of all. Although having shorn her tresses since the Seniors toiled under her, nevertheless we still see in her the same pleasing instructress who taught us the three R's.



EDNA SIMER

We have good reason to believe that Miss Simer's pupils are compelled to look up to her in more ways than one, and that her only serious difficulty might be in reaching for some shrinking culprit evading her grasp. Nevertheless, Miss Simer has succeeded well in training her lusty young boys in the principles of long division, and for the tasks confronting them in their paths through school.

ETHEL A. ELDER

Realizing the patience required in reducing to subjection the flighty members of a third grade, we regard with the utmost respect the small, young, sweet-faced personage of Mrs. Elder. Especially do we admire her for the excellent manner in which she maneuvers her midget legion in the long march from A1 to the lunch room, steering it clear of the "big boys" hurrying down from the third floor.

GERTRUDE R. BROWN

It is one task to instruct those sufficiently matured to appreciate the harvest gleaned from learning; however, it is indeed another proposition to instill into the minds of second-graders the benefits gained therefrom. This young, titian-haired miss accomplishes such an undertaking with seeming ease. She also acts as a prompt alarm clock to our straggling gym classes, as she ushers her hungry youngsters to the "eats."

IONE WISE

And now we arrive at the very beginning of things, namely, where Harvard's future bright lights begin their careers under this sympathetic instructress, Mrs. Wise. She is a true expert in demonstrating to her embryo artists the method of expressing their primitive ideas on card-board, blackboard, or in paper designs. The smiles on the countenances of the little boys prove that she has been amply rewarded for her pains.



HARVARD



The Music Lesson

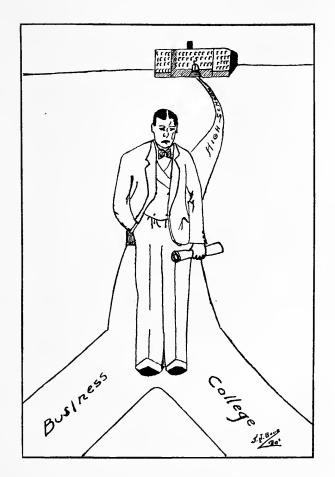
-The Barber of Seville



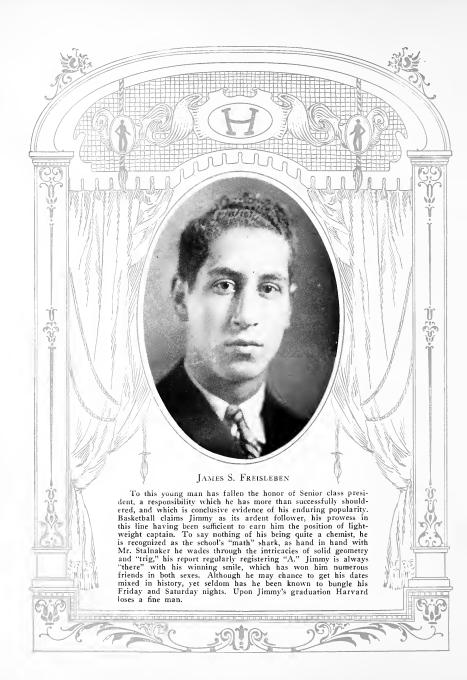


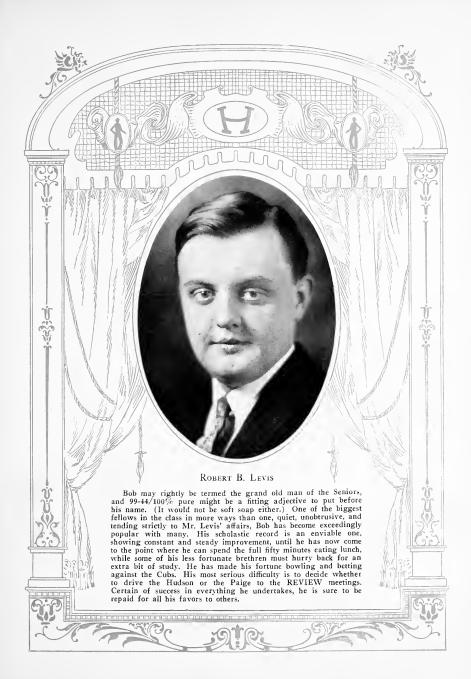


Seniors







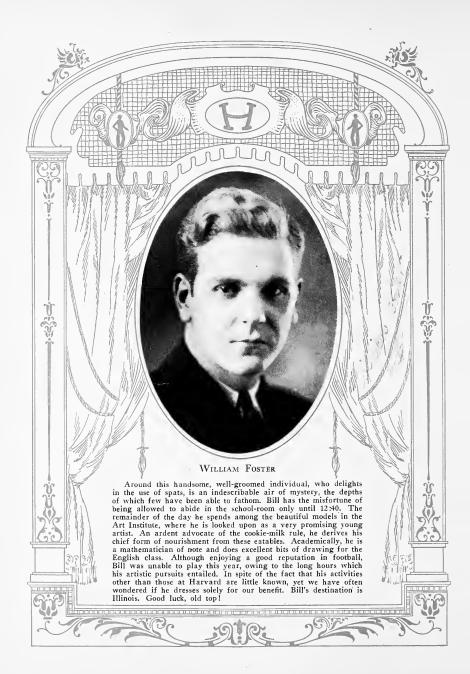


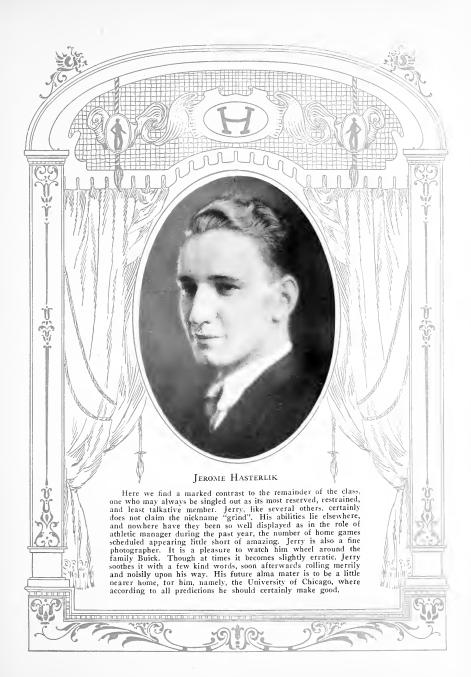


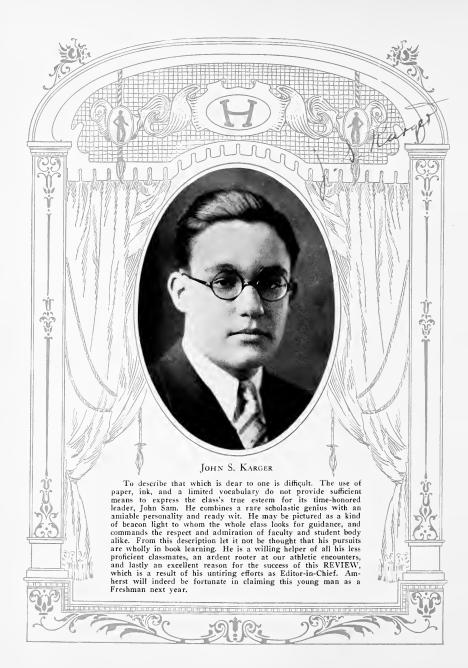




















Senior Sighs

Is there any fine class who with us can compare? If there is, show them up; we'll give them a scare. The rest let's forget and be merry today. The good points of our members we now shall portray.

Over there is young Defy; he's causing a row. And right now he's attempting to show the class how To acquire their Latin, although he looks Greek. If you get in his way, you'll soon see he's not meek.

Behind him sits Roy; he's our brave athlete. In all Harvard's sports he is sure to compete. A true friend and a fellow of whom we are proud. Wherever he stands there will gather a crowd.

But here is Bill Foster, our debonair friend. He's one upon whom we can always depend. An artist of fame we all know he will be, When he gives full sway to his ability.

That fellow is prexy of our mighty class. He has broken the heart of—Oh—many a lass. This curly-haired lad is called Jimmy, you know, And he seldom drives faster than twenty or so.

Did you see handsome Jake, our collegiate lad? With the girls he is daring and not half so bad. With his shaggy fur coat and snappy cut clothes, He gets quite a kick out of blowing his nose.

And now comes our happy-go-lucky young boy. We'll vow he is friendly and packed full of joy. Yes, the great Corporation is quite proud to say That Jerry's a member who likes matinee.



Now here sits our John Sam who runs the Review. The height of his talents we'll leave up to you. In social affairs he ranks high with the girls, Who all fall for the line that our hot Johnnie hurls.

Can you hear that sweet singing so loud and so clear? The musician is Elmore, you need never fear. And if you hear talking most boisterous and gay, 'Tis the same one who asks, "What's our hist'ry today?'

And who, won't you tell me, is this well-fed youth? By reading the scales you'll soon learn the sad truth. But Bob's dieting now, and his clothes are so loose That he'd make a fine ad upon how to reduce.

The pal of the former is our handsome Mel. In support of the teams he makes Harvardites yell. An equestrian rare and a ball-player fine, But at night in the Hup is when his best talents shine.

That lively young fellow's the pride of the class. Though he laughs at the teachers, yet no doubt he'll pass. He scorns all our gaieties, and terms them the "bunk." If it were not for Lawrie, this Review would be sunk.

And last we have Billy, our bright dashing star.

In his favorite sport, golf, he comes quite close to par.

And although he is known as a born athlete,

His chief pastime is wheeling a Packard so fleet.

Then here's to the Seniors. On life's rocky way We're ready to start. Don't forget us, we pray. 'Cause although we have done with our papers and books, We'll ne'er forget Harvard nor teachers' harsh looks.

HARVARD





Juniors







An Inventory

HE present group of Jovial Juniors was founded in the old school many eons ago, by two of its most sober members, Howard and Moses. In the course of its irregular existence, many newcomers have aided its growth, while several others who entered in first grade have dropped from the roll. The final result is that there are now only twelve members remaining to entertain the school. Regardless of the fact that the reputation of the class has suffered much, both because of the light-heartedness with which its assigned work has been accomplished, and because of an occasional practical joke sanctioned by Cochrane and his colleagues, yet at all events it goes merrily onward, leaving in its wake a host of distracted teachers, and reveling in the joy of living. Each of its members is outstanding in his respective activity. Craig and Gitsham are the smart dressers; Bosch, Cochrane, and Hamilton, the jokers; Moses, Wineman, and Skillman, the athletes; Schuyler, Howard, and Howland, the students; and last, but just as important-Heymann, the sign-painter and poet. Here we are, comrades all. Our only request is that we be left in peace.





Francis Gitsham

Fran, as class president, is known to exert much beneficial influence over his fellow-students, who have often been aroused to action by his fine example. He is decidedly accomplished in several directions, his artistry causing considerable interest. In addition he is recognized as a successful orchestra leader. Although his attire runs second to that of his pal in crime, yet it does not lack that individuality so pleasing to the fair sex. His delight is in attractive neckwear.

THOMAS SKILLMAN

This long, lanky, easy-going, yet energetic young man is one of the class's proudest boasts. Possessor of three majors, he is regarded as an essential part of the line on the gridiron, and as a powerful unit on the scoring end of the basketball five. As he gazes upon us from his majestic height, we stand in solemn awe of him, but he immediately turns out to be a "regular" fellow, enjoying good times and a joke now and then. In recognition of his ability, he was made one of the class's two representatives on the Staff.

PHELPS HOWLAND

Among Harvard's many "good fellows" Phelps deservedly holds a high position. Being of a very charitable state of mind, he has been given the task of ardently and literally extorting the Monday morning donations from his classmates. Always with a view towards his personal betterment, he strives daily for honors both academic and athletic. Although seldom seen with a girl on his arm, nevertheless he is not at all backward in the presence of his male companions, and invariably wears a smile.





HENRY BOSCH

Hank's good humor and jolly laugh have won for him a place in the hearts of all his fellows. There are few who know much of his outside activities, but the Physics class and the basketball floor afford opportunities for favorable insight into his character. His chief pastime is to appear at school gayly-bedecked in coat and trousers of dissimilar shades, wrapped warmly in the fur of bear, and sporting a cap that may have fit him once.

DAVID COCHRANE

Dave is the possessor of a humorous and good-natured disposition. Often, however, his anger is aroused, this calling forth an exhibition of his creditable fighting ability. Despite his physical strength, he has a great weakness in regard to study, and nightly hurns the midnight oil over the wanderings of Aeneas. An arm very much broken and badly bent dimmed his chances for the football team, but it is expected that he will more than make up for lost time next fall.

DONALD CRAIG

Because of Don's frequent visits to the courtroom, it is necessary that he have a good Latin vocabulary. Consequently he may be seen almost every afternoon closeted with Mr. Pence and struggling valiantly in that direction. His apparently unlimited wardrobe is astonishing to his classmates, who admire him also for his fine oratorical ability combined with unsurpassed gestures. Don intends to enter the bar and there may be sure of great success. He was another of the Juniors' valued representatives on the football squad.



WARD HAMILTON

Ward has seldom been known to lose his temper except upon an occasional breakdown of his historic Ford. Though already very popular, yet he would, we imagine, be still more likeable if that ancient vehicle had the means of withstanding old King Winter's cold winds. Ward is becoming quite a linguist, as it appears that he will be quite able to pronounce the English language upon his graduation, if Mr. Vaubel continues with his present assistance. Well liked because of his marked affability, he is often retained by the faculty to entertain the inmates of Study Hall.

MAXWELL HEYMANN

Max, the ambitious and hard working member of the class, is possessed of an unequaled imagination and an originality which provide him with copious material for his inspiring works. Part of the success of our athletic season was due to his spirited posters, and many interesting essays have sprung from his highly-prized Duofold. Occasionally Max is aroused in Labarthe's direction, showing in these instances a remarkable aggressiveness. Though not socially inclined, he is a faithful attendant at all the school dances.

LEWIS HOWARD

Quiet, modest, yet accomplished is our Mr. Howard. Each autumn he shows himself to be a football player of note, but in the winter months his entire attention is turned towards the realms of learning, where his efforts have most assuredly borne fruit. An expert in the intricacies of radio, he allowed the rumor to be noised abroad this winter to the effect that he had gotten Europe. It may be so, but we don't know. With his steadfast pal, Schuyler, he may often be seen discussing the most pressing problems of the day.





Hamilton Moses

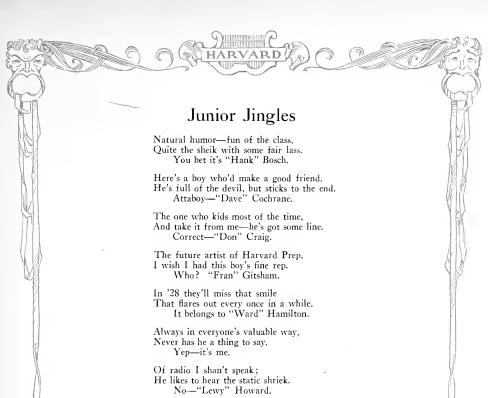
The most energetic personage in the Junior aggregation is "Hammy." In addition to a fine scholastic record, his high place in Harvard athletics is attested by the fact of his being captain-elect of next year's eleven. Popular with the entire student body, he has taken a leading part in the school's activities, and has capably held the position of Assistant Business Manager of the Review. His especial pride is in his immaculate appearance, and it is well known that he does not hesitate to leave the family fireside on week-end evenings.

WILLIAM SCHUYLER

In most of their classes the scholastic standard of the Juniors remains at a high level, due chiefly to Billy's efforts. It seems to many of us that he has a corner on A's, and to one of his superior intellect many of our doings and sayings no doubt seem childish. Although Billy is not naturally pugnacious, he can, however, easily hold his own when it is a question of a tussle, as was conclusively proved in his famous skirmish with Berger.

JOHN WINEMAN

Our blond Adonis lays claim to the largest share of athletic honors in the class, since he now holds four major H's, with fine prospects of becoming a six-letter man. Though he would rather play football than study, he has nevertheless made an enviable record, in English especially. His good nature, aside from something of an inclination to "scrap," is such that he will gladly accommodate anyone whose request interferes neither with his plans nor with those of a certain lady friend.



He's Johnnie's brother—good-natured, too. Forever tries the others to outdo. That's "Phelps" Howland.

This fellow's proud of the "H" on his sweater. For a good sport you can find no better Than "Hammy" Moses.

A good old fellow, and has he sense? To find out, just ask Mr. Pence. Yes, Ma'am—"Billy" Schuyler.

Now comes the tall man of every sport. He's always there with a wise retort. No one else but "Tom" Skillman.

Last but not least is Harvard's star. He's your friend no matter who you are. Our own "Ike" Wineman.

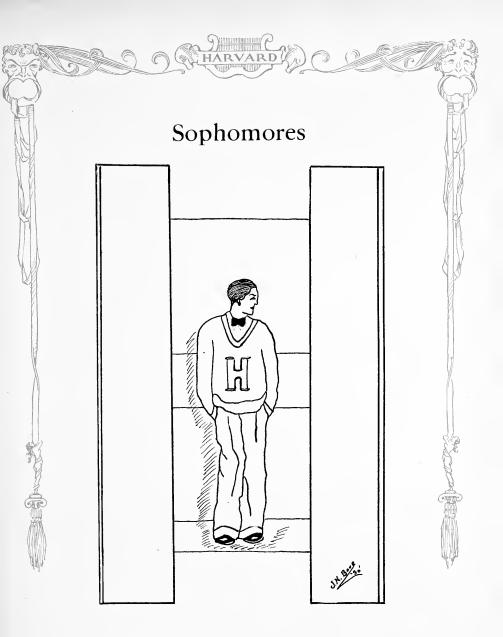
MAXWELL S. HEYMANN, '28.



HARVARD



1926 THE STATE OF THE STATE OF







CHARLES CLARK

"Chuck"—though small in stature is a speedy athlete—plays lightweight football—a reliable guard on the basketball team—hopes someday to prefix "Colonel" to his name.

ROBERT COHN

"Abie"—deserves a lot of praise—the point of all the wet jokes of the class—in spite of this, always happy and racking his brain for some snappy comeback—though he is not a Gaul, he is another of Caesar's victims.

ROBERT CONE

"Coney"—our all around athlete—as halfback on the plotball team his long punts and accurate passes were the fear off all our foes—drives around in his new Chrysler—still full of trairy tales about Hill.

ROBERT ENGEL

"Bob"—one of the class' five Roberts—one of the four spectacle-wearing Sophomores—a renowned "Squad C" man—often seen chumming with Joe and Jimmy, but more often needs a shave.

JULIUS FREEHLING

"Junior"—one of our many "Sox" admirers—on the football squad for two years—foretells the results of the "Kentucky Derby" every year—hopes someday to guess it right.

ALAN GRAFF

"Al"—back after a few years' vacation—vice-president of the class—our radio wonder—good football player—worries Mr. Pence and Caesar together—a good student howthesoever.





First row: McCarthy, Meyer, Wieland, Engel, Johnson.
Second row: Maegerlein, Freehling, R. Swartchild, Cone, Leavitt.
Third row: Cohn, Clark, Vierling, Warren, Graff, J. Swartchild.

WALTER JOHNSON

"Wally"—the big boy with the big smile—pride of the Sophomore athletes—end and accurate drop-kicker on the football team—good all around athlete—popular fellow.

HAROLD KIRCHHEIMER

"Kirch"—when not kidding Abie is being kidded by him—plays center on the lightweight five—and is said to have a great liking for German.

CALVIN LEAVITT

"Cal"—with his Chrysler is the Tommy Milton of the class—great on verb forms but not very particular about the rest of the translation—a close follower of Vierling.

Joseph Meyer

"Joe"—another Sophomore athlete—plays excellent football star guard of the lights—has taken Dick's place as first chauffeur of Meyer's famous speedster electric.



MELVERNE MAEGERLEIN

"Mel"—the lad with the patent leather hair—often seen chumming with Cone—it is rumored about that when moved to action he can very competently direct the movements of an uncertain Rec.

CLARENCE McCarthy

I'm too modest to say anything about myself, although I think I'm pretty good.

JAMES SWARTCHILD

"Jimmie"—another one of the Swartchild clan—noted both as a brilliant student and for his ready wit—has turned to doing the Charleston since being hurt in football.

ROBERT SWARTCHILD

"Bohby"—a great big blustering bully—fools his teachers by pretending to be asleep—a zealous baseball enthusiast—and a consistent member on the monthly Honor Roll.

ROBERT VIERLING

"Vier"—conspicuous by his fine English—can talk on anything he knows nothing about for any length of time—a radio and automobile expert—devotes his leisure time to school work.

Frank Warren

Frank—the handsome, blond president of the Sophomore class—a substitute on the football team—strives manfully and untiringly to divert the efforts of his classmates into loftier fields.

JACK WIELAND

"Jack"—another of Harvard's prodigal sons—member of the "H" club—star tackle on the football team—a good basketball player—and a "bear wit the wimmen."



The Future of '28

Here we are, the Sophomore Class, We'll speak of our future, not of our past. A wonderful group is twenty-eight, As prophets now we'll guess our fate. In place of Grange at pro football, 'Tis Cone you'll see all through each fall. While with the Sox will Bobby be found, But like the ball just bouncing around. And Chuck as colonel very brave, By then may know how to behave. While Jack with pretty curly hair, Will still take out the ladies fair. Our speedster, Cal, Memorial Day In the auto race will lead the way. But this fine lad called Maegerlein For his old class is sure to pine. Freehling's story, 'tis sad to say; Yes, he'll still be a Sophomore gay. And Wally's end is very funny, As principal he'll make his money. While Senator Vier of great renown Will still be talking his way around. Though Warren, you may be mighty sure, A reformer will be to make men pure. And Abie's store on a busy street Will be the best with bargains cheap. And Kirch's tale I fear to tell, In Abie's store he'll try to sell. Who will act as Fairplay's buyer? Why, he's none other than little Meyer. Says Mr. Pence, "I sadly fear That Al will try to make radio clear." Of Jimmie's end now let us hark, You'll hear him pulling some wise remark. We must admit 'tis hard to foresee Just what Bob Engel's work will be. Alas! For me there is no hope, I'll always write this awful dope.

CLARENCE A. McCarthy, Jr.

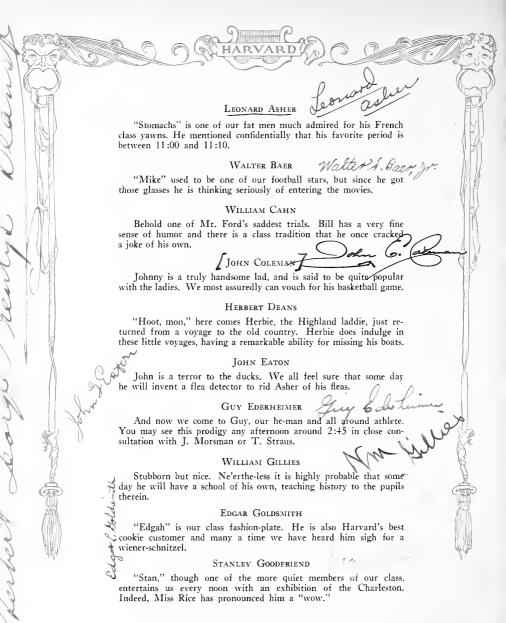
HARVARD





Freshmen









First Row: Harmon, Gillies, Sessions, Goodfriend, Deans, McRoy.

Second Row: Eaton, Grathwol, Goldsmith, Skillman, Cahn, Asher, Coleman.

Third Row: Levy, McCarthy, Morsman, Ederheimer, Baer, Kreuzkamp,

Absent: Hopkins, Pearson, Sigman, Serlis, Straus.

PHILIP GRATHWOL

"Phil," the terror of Woodlawn Avenue, says he shoots a wicked pair of bones. Quite harmless, however, and may safely be fed peanut-butter sandwiches, his favorite dish.

WILLIAM HARMON

This young fellow did not arrive until late in the year, but immediately gained many friends. His mustache caused quite a sensation among all of the fellows.

GILBERT HOPKINS

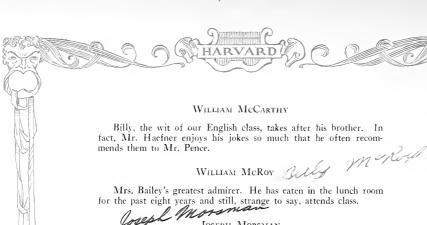
"Gill" is a boy who is said by a few to have a great taste for adventure. If you don't believe us, ask Mr. Wood.

AUGUST KREUZKAMP

"Auggie" brings his lunch to school every morning, but by eleven has yielded to tempration and is forced to make his desect off Miss. Schobinger's cookies.

ARTHUR LEVY

Ever since "Art" has come back from Cuba, he has seemed to spruce up considerably, enjoying the gaieties at the beach. This versatile chap is also a Mah Jong "whiz."



JOSEPH MORSMAN

Joe, our hard-hearted charity collector, is a studious young chap who has produced several literary works of great merit and likes the looks of A's.

George Pearson

Call him George—slow but sure. He would really be quite cute if it weren't for those dogs. They spoil it all.

HAROLD SESSIONS Garold L. Sessions

"Tiny," our bouncing, blue-eyed six-footer, having tried one morning to set the school on fire, only succeeded in burning an eraser, causing Mr. Schobinger and the Algebra III class much discomfort.

EDWARD SIGMAN

"Cupid" unexpectedly returned from Florida one sunny moxning with a new Rolls-Royce and several other trifles. Too bad, "Cupid.

HARRY SERLIS

Harry is a new member of our class who, ever since he arrived, has been trying to prove to Mr. Pence that he really does agree with Mr. West. Stick to it, old boy!

RICHARD SKILLMAN

Dick, the champion chalk-hurler and sling-shot of our august assembly, is also in our estimation a rising John McCormack. In the new opera, "Study Hall," he has the leading role.

TILDEN STRAUS

"Tub," responsible, but not guilty. 'Nuff said. Tilden Straus "Jut



Lines to the Frosh

First comes Ascher, who can't be beat, Known as our all 'round athlete. Followed by Baer, who though quite small, Is "hot stuff" in a game of ball. Then there's Cahn, a naughty boy, Delights the teachers to annoy. Another is Coleman, handsome lad, In French they say he's very bad. The artist of the class is Herb, Beware lest him you may disturb. Now comes Eaton, the boy with a gun, To shoot the ducks he thinks is fun. Look, there's Gillies, the smiling boy, The teachers think he is a joy. The fat boy's Edgar, he the learned, His likes are easily discerned. Forget not Goodfriend, always late, This failing's bound to cause his fate. Grathwol is the next you spy, A fair young lady's in his eye. Hopkins hunts ducks and things, For him all targets must have wings. Making noise is Geneva's pride Kreuzkamp, known both far and wide, Look at Art, who always sings, Although much better at other things. McCarthy is yet to be surpassed As royal comedian of his class. McRoy is quite the opposite, Although he bubbles o'er with wit. Remember Morsman, fair and short, Be sure you don't miss his report. Then comes Pearson, radio wonder, 'Tis said he's never made a blunder. Blue-eyed Harold runs a boat, In trouble he's sure to be the goat. Here is one who is new to all, For Serlis joined us just last fall. Now comes Sigman, rose of the bunch, Who sometimes stays too long for lunch. Next is Skillman, with voice so strong, He loves to talk the whole day long. Behold the Straus, a bear for work, Never has he been known to shirk. And last come I, the suffering scribe, I'm through with writing up this tribe.

GUY L. EDERHEIMER, IR.

HARVARD





Primary







First row: Adcock, Sykes, Leopold, Joseph, Karger, W. Freehling. Second row: Graff, Carson, Nahser, Klein, Brann, Kirchheimer, Bour. Third row: Kirkland, Bame, Guggenheim, Hartman, H. Freehling, Schuyler. Fourth row: Salamon, Hertz, Eichengreen, Turner, Weil, Kreuzkamp. Absent: Northup, Rosenberg.

Eighth Grade

As the seasons come and go, so do eighth grade classes. They are of different sizes, shapes, dispositions and degrees of learning. In them one sees embryonic artists, doctors, lawyers, future presidents and poets.

The class of 1930 is no exception. A decided talent has been discovered, the ability for drawing cartoons, as one can see by perusing the leaves of this book. There is no lack of the terpsichorean art, for both the fat ones and the thin ones are the last word in the performance of those intricate steps of the Charleston. Orators and debaters, too, are here with a "line" of argument sufficient to win the debate on either side of the "League of Nations" question. So here's to the class of 1930 and its future.

EMMA B. WADDELL.







First row: Macfarlane, Nachman, Reinhold, Kirchheimer, Rich. Freund: Eichengreen, Philipson, Sachs, Levis, Hart. Third row: Bender, Samuels, Sykes, Levin, Baum. Absent: Kehoe, Friedman.

Seventh Grade

The morale of the pupils of the Seventh Grade is of the highest. The competition between them is strong, consequently the work is very interesting. They have the ability to see a joke and often have some very clever original ones which provoke a laugh and after which the work speeds up with renewed activity. When school opens in September, the Seventh Grade boys seem so small and immature that one wonders if their minds will be able to grasp all the work outlined for them to accomplish, but as the year advances, they develop mentally and physically, as well as socially. That is, one thinks they develop socially, the symptoms being well and much combed hair, more thought of personal appearance and long trousers.

HARRIET McCUNE.





First row: Weaver, Oneal, Joseph, Perkins, Strauss, Binford, Singer.
Second row: Howard, Shaffner, Levinson, Fulghum, Schaaf, MacDougal, Clark.
Third row: Herzog, Fortier, Loeb, Ascher, Sykes, Gottschalk, Laemmle.
Fourth row: Davis, Shinner, Hoffman.
Absent: Nast, Jordan.

Sixth Grade

What is a Sixth Grade boy? He is one of 26 boys of the class of 1932, who has reached the midway milestone of his Harvard career. He is the product of work done in all preceding grades, and he is going to carry on in succeeding classes the work already begun. From kindergarten up, the Sixth Grade has contained material potential to success. It may be a future president who "munches" cookies at every recess period. Perhaps a mayor obstructs our right of way with a game of marbles. Here may be statesmen, politicians and future diplomats who daily bow to our authority. The author of a "best seller" may now be whining every night because he has to go to bed, and a celebrated physician of the future may be complaining every morning because he has to get up.

MARY M. JOHNSON.





First row: Beaudway, Stern, Tomm, Rich, Coulter, Warshawsky, Sullivan.
Second row: Pulver, Kirchheimer, Hoffman, Felsenthal, Mundt, Tyler, Mechem.
Third row: Norton, Bryant, Vinje.
Absent: Asher, Newman, Rissman, Minor.

Fifth Grade

"There is luck in odd numbers." The members of the Fifth Grade sincerely hope that this is true, for it was in the ninth month of the year nineteen twenty-one that its members cast their lot with the company of "knowledge seekers" at Harvard, and it will be nineteen thirty-three before they complete their work in that honored institution. Several of their original number have left, others have joined the ranks, and now in their fifth year they are a class of twenty-one earnest workers, learning not only 'rithmetic and spelling, but also lessons of unselfishness, prompt obedience, respect for authority, and a firm loyalty to all that Harvard holds most dear.

ESTELLE PETERSON.





First row: Schaaf, Newman, Turner, Roder, Peters, Cummins, Lauren. Second row: Lindenthal, Moses, Drew, Magnus, Strauss, Greenblatt, Ascher. Third row: Gardner, Goodkind, Lawrence, Warshawsky, Rosenzweig, Sachs, Baer, Coleman.

Absent: Goes, Kipling.

Fourth Grade

From a class of fourteen who entered Harvard as first graders, the present Fourth Grade has grown steadily until it now contains twenty-four very active boys. They have already exhibited their athletic prowess, having defeated some of the older boys in basketball. In class work, fractions and long division are their principal worries. while the beginnings of French and of Manual Training are the chief pleasures. Not only in activities of the school have they shown their interest, but also in projects of a charitable nature; they have been exceedingly generous in their donations to the soldiers, and to needy organizations. They proved to be diligent ad-getters. In the future history of Harvard the Fourth Grade may be expected to play a large part.

EDNA SIMER.







First row: Krietenstein, Ciral, Grossman, Hollingshead, Goldsmith, McCullough, Weiss, Stern.

Second row: Kirchheimer, Eiger, Emory, Elder, Norton, Gottschalk, Ottenheimer.

Third row: Llewellyn, Jernberg, Wurzberg.

Third Grade

School isn't what it used to be When Father was a boy. He had to learn to read and write With very little joy.

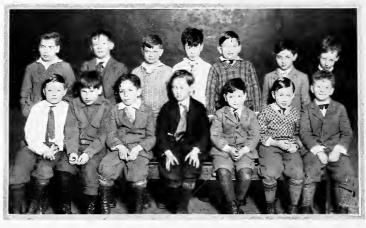
But while we learn to read and write, We have all sorts of games. We do not have to learn by heart Long facts and dates and names.

Instead of that we study things
To help us understand.
On ship Imagination's deck
We go from land to land.

And so, our Third Grade work and play Each one of us enjoys, And hopes to do some worthwhile things For the Harvard School for Boys.

ETHEL A. ELDER.





First row: Rubens, Mechem, Leebody, Lubliner, Joseph, Bernstein, Ellis. Second row: Mack, Richter, Price, Holton, Magnus, Harris, Stern. Absent: Goes, Alciatore, Winans, Kirchheimer.

Second Grade

The Second Grade this year is composed of eighteen very wide-awake, energetic boys, who know how to work as well as to play. A visit to its room would soon convince one that seven and eight year olds are making a wonderful start on the long road to knowledge. Although the room is near enough to the gym for one to hear the shouts of the older boys in practice there, yet the second graders' minds are not turned only toward things athletic; intellectual matters interest them quite as keenly. With the system of honor rolls, competition is strong. Along with this spirit of rivalry, however, we are constantly trying to instill in the minds of the boys unselfish and kindly attitudes toward others, for, when all is said and done, right beginnings in character building are the chief aims of the early years.

GERTRUDE R. BROWN.





First row: Joseph, Keller, Macfarlene, Ellis, Johnston, Davidson, Daniels. Second row: Johnson, de Babary, Grossman. Absent: Jordan, Jernberg.

First Grade

The First Grade may be small in numbers, and the boys rather young, but on the whole its members seem as alert, as interesting, and as industrious as twelve little boys can possibly be. All school work is play to a boy with only six years behind him, but this particular group does not demand a "sugar coating" on work of any kind. It is a joy to see how eagerly they have plunged into reading, writing, and the first stages of arithmetic. Of still more importance than the book learning which they have assimilated, are the good habits which they have formed thus far in their school careers, the independence which they have acquired, and the fine group feeling which they seem to have developed with so much ease.

IONE WISE.

HARVARD



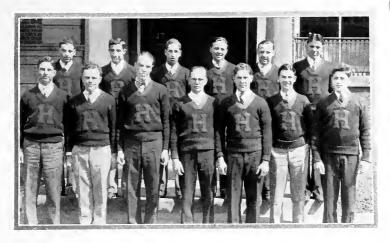
The Battle of the Giants

-The Rhinegold









"H" Club

When the call is spread abroad some Monday afternoon that the "H" club is going to have a meeting, it is pretty well understood that there will assemble in the rest room on the first floor thirteen students who have earned the honor of membership by their athletic prowess and all around good sportsmanship.

Under the leadership of Roy Farland as president, and with the timely advice of Coach Wood, it has continued its program of advancement established not so long ago by its original founders.

The "H" club represents the school's only organization which functions entirely independent of scholastic influence. Its duties are to pass approval on schedules arranged for all athletic contests, furthering to the best of its ability all measures tending towards

improved athletic conditions, and to examine closely the characters of proposed members.

It has carried on its meetings in such a gentlemanly fashion that it has acquired the well-earned support of faculty and student body alike. May it ever remain as a goal earnestly sought for by our ambitious students.











COACH WOOD

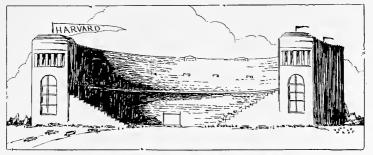
To Coach Wood and his untiring efforts for the betterment and advancement of athletics at Harvard we owe our most successful season—both in football and in basketball. His interest in the boys, especially the youngsters and their regard for him in return, is most admirable. Sportsmanship, clean playing and clean living are his ideals, and these he has instilled in the boys. Confronted with the problem that every coach has had to deal with, lack of material, he has surmounted this difficulty and has produced successful teams. Thus, to Harvard's boast of good teams can be added the boast of a fine coach.





HARVARD

FOOTBALL





ROY FARLAND

Yes, we have no "Red" Grange or "Benny" Friedman, but we have a Roy Farland, whom we would hesitate to trade for either of the above mentioned stars.

For three years, ever since his arrival at Harvard, Roy has been the star of every team and the hero of the whole school. Now in his senior year he enjoys the singular honor of captaining both the football and basketball teams. In football he not only led his team as a fighting captain should, but also won the confidence and respect of every player by his excellent playing and generalship in "tight" places.

It is sincerely hoped that Roy will enjoy success in the field of life equal to that which he has enjoyed on the gridiron and basketball floor.



Gym Work

TEFORE plunging deeply into the account of our school athletics, it might be well to bear in mind that the physical development of the youth at Harvard is not left wholly to those sufficiently able to compete on the regular teams. Feeling keenly the need for enough recreation so that children's minds may function more clearly, the faculty has laid out a definite program of physical training. In the fall of the year, when the crisp autumn air urges the fellows on to stimulating exercise, one may watch hard-fought touchball games played during the gym periods by all the students. As winter approaches, and as the frosty air ceases to permit of outdoor exercise, a well-equipped gymnasium takes the place of the yard. Here under the excellent supervision of Coach Wood, young blood is put through body-building setting-up exercises and strenuous basketball games. In spring, when the students once again seek the yard with joy, the chief sports are baseball and track. By these means the fellows are kept healthy, with the interclass games the spirit of competition is maintained, and the coach is enabled to "get a line on" future team material.



The Heavyweight Football Team

The unprecedented success of the Harvard football team, which completed a perfect season unmarred by a single defeat, may be attributed to its whole-hearted eagerness and fight. Often playing against such odds as a much heavier team and unfavorable weather conditions, they emerged victorious in five out of six of their games, tying the sixth.

The same indomitable enthusiasm which has been so characteristic of every school activity throughout the year, shone forth brilliantly in the progress of this year's team.

In addition, let it be remembered that they played as a team—fairly, squarely and untiringly; for the love of the game; for the glory of their school, and to the satisfaction of their coach.

Thus is it any wonder that a team carried on by such noble impulses as these should vanquish all those who strove to oppose them?

SCORES

Harvard	6	Calumet 0
Harvard	19	Mt. Carmel 0
Harvard	6	Lindblom6
Harvard	6	North_Shore 0
Harvard	7	
Harvard	6	Chicago Latin 0
	_	*
Total .	50	Opponents6







HARVARD 6, CALUMET 0

The Harvard football team opened its athletic season with a game at Calumet High School on September twenty-ninth. In spite of the fact that the field was in poor condition and that the players were inexperienced, yet with sheer determination, grit and stamina they emerged victorious. A pass from Cone to Farland resulted in the lone touchdown of the game. Coach Wood was given an opportunity to size up the ability of the team and was well pleased with the showing.

HARVARD 19, MOUNT CARMEL 0

In the second game the team was given the opportunity to show the improvement effected by a week's hard training. Taking advantage of this opportunity, they smothered Mount Carmel with three touchdowns. Berger made the first tally by carrying the ball over in the early part of the game. Farland scored in the second and last quarters, the latter touchdown coming as the result of a fumble.

HARVARD 6, LINDBLOM 6

Our eleven played its third game with the Lindblom Sophomores at their field. The struggle was a hotly contested one, both teams being evenly matched. Lindblom was the first to score and victory looked distant to Harvard; but the completion of a pass from Cone to Farland tied the score. From that point on the game was keenly fought, the whole team playing brilliantly.







HARVARD 6, NORTH SHORE 0

The team's next game was with the North Shore Country Day School at their field. Owing to the incessant downpour, the field was a veritable bog. The scoring was done in the first quarter when Farland intercepted a North Shore pass and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. Throughout the remainder of the game our line, fighting hard, withheld any and every attempt of North Shore to gain.

HARVARD 7, FENGER 0

Under excellent playing conditions and with the added advantage of home grounds, our team encountered and vanquished the much heavier Fenger High School eleven. Cheered on by a large crowd, and with the score seemingly deadlocked at a 0-0 tie, there were only three minutes left to play. Fighting with a spirit never before displayed by a Harvard team, the line tore holes for the backs to plunge through, and finally with the game all but over, the ball was pushed over the opponent's goal line.

HARVARD 6, CHICAGO LATIN 0

The team came onto the field in this, our last game, determined to "do or die" for the sake of a clean slate. In the first five minutes of play the fighting Harvard spirit blazed out as never before, and after the eleven's flying dash down the field Berger carried the ball over for the only score. Henceforth the team played on the defensive, as the game became more than ordinarily rough, bitterly fought from beginning to end, each side contesting every inch of ground gained. The line showed up well, time after time outcharging its opponents. The final whistle ended Harvard's greatest season.







WIELAND

SCHNADIG

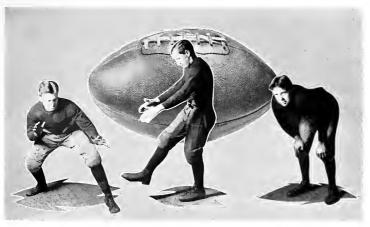
Moses

Jack is one of those rare types of players who do a great deal of hard fighting and very little loud talking. He was a steady, consistent player and a sure tackler; rare was the team that gained through his position. He played a stellar game throughout the season and was one of the mainstays of the line. Next year he is certain to be one of the team's stars.

"Lawry's" old fighting spirit and fearlessness successfully overcame the effects of an injury to his ankle, and he was on the field in every game but one. A star on offense, he likewise excelled in defensive playing, and it was seldom known for an opposing back to "run his end." Together with his incomparable work as a player, he furnished much of the moral support necessary for a winning team.

"Hammy" was not only the center of the team by virtue of the position he occupied, but also managed to be in the very center of all our offensive and defensive attacks. Playing in every quarter of every game, he set a fighting example equaled by few. Elected as captain of next year's team, he can certainly be depended upon to equal this year's success.





LABARTHE

Johnson

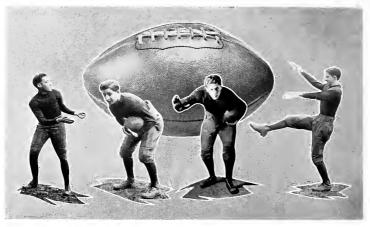
McCarthy

At the beginning of the season Elmore had quite a task deciding whether or not he would try for a regular berth on the football team. His decision to play was a fortunate one for Harvard, because he played beautiful football in the remaining games. In the Lindblom game especially he was a veritable demon, being one of the most potent factors in our escape from defeat.

"Wallie's" activities on a football team are so varied and widespread that we cannot enlarge on any particular one. We picture him more readily, filling any gap at a moment's notice, and playing as though he were well acquainted with the position. His kicking abilities were indispensable in the North Shore game.

"Mac" is purely a Harvard product and we had every right to expect the display of "scrap" and loyalty that this husky youth put forth this year. "Mac" was a steady tackler on defense, and never seemed to weary of the grind. On defense he was a real star, tearing great gaps in the opponents' line, enabling our backs to scamper through more easily. Beware of this lad next year!





SKILLMAN

BERGER

WINEMAN

GITSHAM

Tom, the "Big Boy" of our team, had an erratic career during the past season. He started the year well, but soon suffered an injury to his back which was quite serious. Despite this handicap, Tom showed his true spirit when he returned to play immediately upon his recovery. He played great football in all of the last three games, especially in the Fenger game, in which he showed himself a hard fighter and brilliant tackler.

Although "Billy" had been somewhat of a hidden constellation in times past, he shone forth clearly and brilliantly on our football team this year. Whenever a yard or two was needed, to say nothing of an occasional touchdown, our "Big Bad Bill" could always be depended upon to gain the required distance. He was easily one of the outstanding stars of the team.

John has played football so long and so well at Harvard that we have all come to take it quite for granted that John should play in every game, making at least nine out of ten of the tackles. This year, due both to an injury and a rash on his "school girl complexion," he played in only a few games. But when he played, he sure did play! And HOW!

Gitsham is one of our old timers who was disabled in the early part of the season by a broken something or other. However, in the games that Gitsham did play in, he played well, getting his share of the tackles and doing more than his share on offense. His one failing was his apparent inability to remember what it was all about after it was all over.





Minor "H" Men

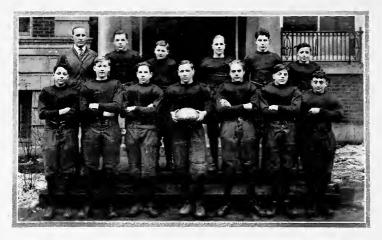
ROBERT CONE played the greater part of the season at half-back, and was distinguished for his excellent passing. His absence from one game prevented his receiving a major letter.

DONALD CRAIG was a new man on the team this year, doing the work at end in fine style. Much is expected of him in the fall of '26.

JOSEPH MEYER was greatly admired for his perseverance in his fight for a regular berth in the line. He was a reliable substitute and played well in several games.

LEWIS HOWARD gave evidence of possessing the powers of an unusual backfield man. With a slight addition of avoirdupois, and a little more experience, he should prove exceedingly valuable to the team next year.





Lightweight Football Team

Having traced our excellent football showing to numerous sources all more or less important, it would be a serious omission should we fail to pay due honor and tribute to one of the most outstanding factors of all-the Lightweight football team. The spirit of loyalty and school support that this group of young and inexperienced fellows displayed, while coming out day after day to face a much heavier and older team, is deserving of unmitigated praise. To play hard on a football team seems easy compared with the giving of one's best in order that the regular team may receive the glory. Although they lost both the games they played, their services to the school more than offset these defeats. Certainly Harvard cannot fail to produce real men and good football teams with such spirit as this upon which to rely.

BASKETBALL





JEROME HASTERLIK

One little realizes the great responsibility which falls upon the shoulders of the manager. Lucky are the teams which can boast a fellow sufficiently competent to take this duty well in hand. Jerry, as this year's game-getter and scorekeeper, was a veritable "find." He started the year with none to advise him as to how to handle his various duties, but he soon overcame this hazard and had a complete football schedule when the season opened. He also saw to it that our first three basketball games were home games, an important factor to a young and inexperienced squad. To him, therefore, may we attribute a large part of our recent success in athletics.



Season Scores

HEAVIES

- Fenger-12 H---32
- H-28 Francis Parker-+
- H 15Morgan Park-33
- H-11 U. High-7
- H-18 Luther—22
- H 26Pullman-4
- H-19 North Shore-17
- Francis Parker-15 H-26
- H-20 Aquinas-10
- H-16 Morgan Park-23
- H-13 Aquinas-12
- H-31 North Shore-19
- H-17 Pullman-10
- H-21 Luther-23

LIGHTS

- H 21Fenger-11
- H-19 Francis Parker-9
- Morgan Park-23 H - 15
- H-11 U. High-20
- Luther—22 H - 10
- Pullman-22 H-14
- H-17 Francis Parker-21
- H-14 Aguinas---+
- H-10 Morgan Park-33
- H-4 Pullman-28
- H-27 Luther-11





Heavyweight Basketball Team

Many pessimists at the conclusion of an ever to be remembered football season claimed that the Harvard team was "just lucky," but were speedily silenced when our heavyweight basketball team nearly duplicated the splendid showing of the gridmen. This year Harvard was represented by one of the fastest, hardest-fighting aggregations ever let loose on its basketball floor. Energetic and full of pep, they took every game but four by storm, losing three out of those four by very slight margins. By their willing efforts they lent their full support to Harvard's boast of the most successful athletic season in many years.





SCHNADIG

SKILLMAN

FARLAND

The nucleus of our passing is centered upon Lawry. When it has seemed impossible to penetrate the enemies' defense, he has usually managed to find the right man to pass to, and to work the ball under the basket. Occupying a guard position, he played steadily, his man rarely making a point. The team next year will miss him greatly.

Before sending the fellows on to the floor, the coach gives them a talk, the termination of which generally is "Watch Tom under the basket." It can safely be said that many a game has been won because of Tom's ability to put the ball in while hovering beneath the hoop. As captain-elect of next year's heavies, he carries with him the best of wishes for a successful season.

It is well nigh impossible to say much more about Roy's prowess as an athlete. As pilot of the basketball team, he led it through one of the school's most successful seasons. Aside from his athletic achievements, his ideals are high, and never once has he allowed a game or a few points to interfere with his sportsmanship. Roy played no permanent position, by virtue of the fact that he played all five equally well. His graduation leaves a great gap to be filled in next year's team.







WINEMAN

SWARTCHILD

BERGER

Although starting late in the season, John decided to make up for lost time by playing real basketball. In the game at Francis Parker, he proved his worth. His eye was accurate, his passing exact, his blood invariably aroused. What more need be said? Next year will again see him on the basketball floor at Harvard. Here's wishing him luck.

"Give it to Billy. Give it to Billy." The crowds have been so used to yelling this that they once did it when Bill wasn't playing at all. His eye is unerring. Nevertheless, he was not on the team merely because of his ability as a basket shooter. His passing was excellent and precise, and indeed, he was a very valuable man to the team.

Bill is not a novice at the game of basketball. He received extensive training on the lights last season and was also fortunte in playing sub on the heavies. This experience stood him in good stead, for as a guard this year his playing was stellar. The attempts of Bill's opponents to get free often remind one of a man trying to evade his shadow.





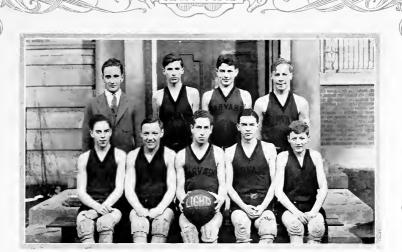
Reserve Men

Jack Wieland, aided by plenty of weight and courage, subbed on the heavies, playing good basketball with promise of much improvement.

Charles Clark was a doughty little Soph who added his superb play and spirit to any of three teams when necessity so demanded. With slightly more weight, he is sure to become a first rater.

Phelps Howland, out for basketball for the first time in his career, demonstrated ability as a member of the lights and was frequently called upon to do his share in their many games.

Richard Skillman, one of the few Frosh on the lights, persevered in following in the footsteps of his famous brother. Lithe and agile, he handled the ball well, considering his lack of experience.



Lightweight Basketball Team

The entire lightweight team of last year having returned once more to play basketball, an exceptional season was expected. As luck would have it, however, four of the fellows graduated into the heavyweight division and won regular berths there. Consequently, the season, as to games won, was not very successful. Nevertheless, what was lost in scores was made up for by the fact that the team received valuable knowledge and training which will without doubt prove indispensable in future seasons. Next year the men will probably be playing on the heavyweight team, as those before them did. Piloted by Jimmy Freisleben, captain for two years, they gave to the school that "never say die" spirit, a praiseworthy trait.





GITSHAM

Johnson

MEYER

In this, his first year in basketball, "Fran" readily learned the rudiments of the game and turned out to be a powerful though somewhat unschooled player, holding the position of guard and doing his level best to put Harvard in front. With another year in which to fight for the school, he may be assurred of even greater attainments in his new line of activity.

"Wallie" was unfortunate in being handicapped at the beginning of the year by surplus weight. He overcame this, however, and won a regular berth on the Lights. Owing to the late start, he did not show his true worth until the last game of the year. But how he played then! He sank almost every shot, and passed with unfaltering precision—perfect basketball!

Joe is not a "find." He played sub guard on the team last year with considerable success, and seems to be rapidly surpassing the achievements of his older brother. This is by no means his last year on the teams, for he has so demonstrated his ability as a basketball player as to convince everyone that Harvard may safely depend upon him in the future.







FREISLEBEN

KIRCHHEIMER

EDERHEIMER

Though captain of a team largely made up of inexperienced players whose season was not as successful as was hoped, nevertheless, Jimmy exhibited his true sense of sportmanship, proved his ability as a leader, and never stopped fighting, no matter what the odds. As center and forward, he did all possible to lead his team to victory, and though it often failed him, the old smile was still there.

Another new arrival on the gym floor this year was "Kirch," who, like several on the Lights, set out to learn to land the evasive ball in the net enough times so that his successful efforts might not be termed "accidents" by his teammates. Though a trifle awkward, he has shown a great deal of promise and is likely to become valuable to Harvard's future fives.

"Shrimp" is no longer indicative of Guy. He is now a full mansized basketball player. Constituting the greater part of the offense he has scored more points than any other player on the team. He has three more years to play at Harvard—three more years to display his skill on the team. With his eye, fleetness, and quick thinking, time will soon make of him a marvel.







Bantamweight Basketball Team

After a lapse of several years Harvard was once more represented by a bantamweight team. Coach Wood thought it necessary to give the younger fellows experience, which would later aid them on the heavier teams. Consequently, with the help of Melvin Pfaelzer, he rounded together a group of fellows desirous of playing. Soon, instead of being termed a group, they developed into a regular team, which lost only one out of six games played. The bantams are in reality indispensable to the lights and heavies, as they build up and train material for coming years. With the remarkable record which this team has made, let us hope that we shall have another such next season.

LINEUP

McCarthy	Forward
Leopold	
Freehling	Guard
Guggenheim	Forward
COLEMAN	Forward
BAER	Guard (Capt.)
Cahn	Center
KARGER	Forward







Class Tournament

If dope could have been relied upon, the outcome of this tournament would have been visibly different. As it was, the Seniors, who beat the Frosh, lost to the Sophomores; who had been conquered shortly before by the Freshmen. The teams all were extremely strong, but, as the standing below indicates, there was one which was undoubtedly the strongest, displaying its supremacy by winning from everyone. Led by Capt. Skillman, the Juniors won the championship for the second consecutive time. Next year, if victory rests on their side, the cup, or better termed, the Wassel Bowl, will also rest there—and permanently.

Standing	W.	L.	Pct.
Juniors	3	0	1000
Seniors	1	2	.333
Sophomores	1	2	.333
Freshmen	1	2	.333





Interclass Track Meet

As we go to press we are just in time to publish the results of Harvard's annual interclass track meet, held on April thirtieth. It was the first instance, as far as can be recalled, that the affair has been staged outdoors. It drew many strong competitors and interested spectators, thus forming a gathering of unusual size. The events were more varied than previously, a keener spirit of rivalry resulting. The Senior class took first place for the third successive year, scoring fity-five points to forty-four for the Juniors. Likewise for the third successive year Farland was high point man, while Hamilton gained for the second time the honor of being runner-up. Thus the outcome was almost identically that of the 1925 interclass meet. It served to show a wealth of track material which should prove useful in the future.

The score by classes was as follows:

Seniors		55	points
Juniors		44	points
Sophomo	res	41/2	points
Freshmen	1	1/2	point

The results by events were as follows:

FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH
40-yd. Dash	Farland	Berger	Gitsham
Pole VaultFarland	Howland		Graff
	Craig		Clark
Shot PutFarland	Wineman	Hamilton	Labarthe
Standing Broad			
JumpFarland	Hamilton	Freisleben	Moses
			Ederheimer
Low HurdlesFarland	Hamilton	Berger	Skillman
5-lap RaceFarland	Skillman	Howard	Graff
High JumpSkillman	McCarthy		Labarthe
	Farland		Wineman
Running Broad			
JumpFarland	Pfaelzer	Skillman	Hamilton
Hop, Skip and			
Jump Hamilton	Farland	Skillman	Pfaelzer
RelaySeniors			

The Dance of Carmen

-- Carmen









Followers of Old Saint Pat.

The long-awaited day, March 17, 1926, dawned as expected. Whether or not the weather was fair or unsettled made no difference. The mere fact that it was a bit too frigid for the comfort of those concerned is certain to remain a poignant memory. At any rate, it was evident from 8:15 A. M. on that there was something unusual about the day, in addition to the fact that it belonged to Ireland's famous snake-killer. Deep down below the ground a motley crew was in the process of formation, and promptly at 8:30 it appeared from the depths and began to explore Harvard's sacred regions. It was greeted by cries of astonishment in the vicinity of the office, and then proceeded onward through a second floor room, where it was welcomed with shouts of approval. Arriving at last in C-1, it came face to face with the stony countenance of Mr. Haefner, who apparently failed to recognize anyone in the weird gathering, and who immediately set it to work to test its knowledge of the English language. During the noon hour there were numerous gentry of 47th street and thereabouts who indulged in fits of laughter at the expense of these uncouth youngsters. Promptly at 3:30, after posing complacently for the picture which you may perceive above, the crew disappeared whence it came and was forever lost to the sight of the world. The lineup was as follows:

is lullows.	
Berger	The Tough Lumberjack
Freisleben	The Haughty Butler
Gimbel	The Sturdy Trooper
HASTERLIK	The Artist of Greenwich
KARGER	The Baker of the Big Bonnet
	The Grimy Janitor
	The Gaily-Bedecked Flapper
	The "Frenchy" Chef





Football Banquet

On or about December the twelfth, the traditional banquet, held in honor of the team, brought to a stirring finish our remarkable football season. The affair was given at the Chicago Beach Hotel by Captain Farland, and was a success from beginning to end. The meal served was tasty, conversation was loud and gay, and several of the linemen and backs demonstrated their musical and dancing accomplishments. Followed by a speech from Roy, summing up the results of the season, came a talk from the Coach, who spoke highly of the team's achievements and of the aggregation as a whole. Immediately after this oratory, the election for captaincy of next year's eleven took place with the highest number of votes going to Hamilton Moses, who forthwith made a modest speech of acceptance. After hearing each member of the team attempt to "say a few words" upon being eulogized by Roy as toastmaster, one might say of them, as was said of Washington, that "their modesty equaled their valor." The banquet closed with several rousing yells led by our dashing cheer-leader, Mel, and all departed satisfied with the rewards of hard work.



Basketball Banquet

Adhering closely to a firmly established precedent at Harvard, Roy Farland, captain of the heavyweights, and James Freisleben, two years captain of the lights, gave a splendid banquet for the two teams at the Chicago Beach Hotel, on April the first. It followed in the course of former affairs of this sort, inasmuch as the letters were awarded by Coach Wood to those fortunate enough to receive them. In doing so the coach paid each man some deserved compliment. Before the affair closed every member of the teams spoke a few words expressing his appreciation to the captains for the banquet, and to Coach Wood for his excellent instruction. As a fitting end to Harvard's most successful season in athletics, Tom Skillman and Francis Gitsham were unanimously elected as captains of next year's heavies and lights, respectively, and John Wineman was given the position of manager of all the teams. Coach Wood delivered something of a farewell to the four Seniors whose athletic careers at Harvard were terminated with the completion of the season.



The Christmas Dance

A soft red glow filtered from above through the gym, tinting with a rosy color all within its reach. To and fro upon the smooth floor glided by numerous couples, swaying rhythmically to the lilting tunes of a lively band of musicians. Through the entrance draped in a billowy curtain of red strands passed a constant stream of gay young people, rejoicing in the spirit of sparkling gaiety throughout. In an opposite corner stood the heavily laden punch bowl, the chief interest of many in their search for cool refreshment. Thus the evening passed away, until promptly at midnight the mellow strains of "Home, Sweet Home" announced that the fun was over.

In this wise ended the Christmas dance which claimed the attendance of a goodly gathering of students and alumni, accompanied by an equal number of the fair. It was assuredly a notable success, a fitting climax to the contributions of the Seniors to the social life of Harvard.



Junior Prom

For the second time in the history of the school the Juniors have graciously consented to give the Commencement Dance, thus following the custom established by the present Seniors in 1925. The affair was widely heralded throughout the winter by several multicolored bits of pasteboard, designed especially for the occasion by the master sign-painter, and serving effectually to brighten otherwise drab and monotonous surroundings. The unexpected enthusiasm speedily shown by each and every Junior succeeded in calling forth words of astonishment from the lips of the entire high school. As is anticipated, the Prom will form a distinctive ending to a year which stands out as one of the most gratifying periods in the annals of Harvard's history, rivaling only in splendor and gaiety the original Junior Prom.



Senior Assembly

On the first Monday in almost every month the careful listener might have heard the ear-splitting crash of camp chairs hitting the gym floor, and might then have surmised, and correctly at that, that preparations were in full swing for Senior Assembly a short time later. These monthly gatherings of the higher department were held with striking success, and were used for a number of purposes. The doughty Mr. Schnadig, as chairman, did much to assist in the development of school spirit by strong and often caustic vociferations upon a variety of subjects. At one time the rewards merited by our deserving gridmen were given them before the assembly; at another, an interesting talk on the Junior Red Cross was made by a Miss Wright, followed by a well known Red Cross wartime speaker, Dr. Green. On still another occasion the assembly listened attentively to a speech on conditions in Turkey and Armenia. These instances serve to show clearly the advantages which the student body may gain from such an assemblage, and it is our earnest hope that the practice be furthered by succeeding Senior classes at Harvard.



Alpha Delta Sigma

With the graduation of the present Senior class a club will automatically become nonexistent, which for four long years has guided the destinies and policies of the class. Organized in the fall of 1922, after the pattern of preceding clubs, the Alpha Delta Sigma soon began to be recognized through its regular weekly meetings as something of a power in the school's activities. From the first it encouraged debating and speech-making, and under the leadership of its Freshman president, Jack Franks, it continued to gain in prestige. In its second year, with John Karger holding the gavel, several interesting and exciting debates were held with the remaining high school classes in which the Sophomores "broke even." The third year saw Mel Pfaelzer directing the club's activities, and many affairs of importance were brought to a climax. The class during that year purchased its graduation rings and acquired further distinction by managing Harvard's first Junior Prom. The honor of presiding in the club's fourth and last year went to James Freisleben, and regardless of the fact that its various doings were slightly curtailed by strict faculty supervision, nevertheless the club's period of existence was satisfactorily terminated. Its name and renown will doubtless remain many years in the hearts of both alumni and students.



Charity

Continuing its policy of former years, the student body united in donating small sums each week into the school charity fund, which is turned over at the end of each year to several institutions, including the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, the Glenwood School, and one other equally needy organization. In connection with this work, the school received the honor of having one of its delegates to the Junior Red Cross Council, William G. Swartchild, elected president of the Council for the second successive year. In summing up Harvard's charitable activities, let it be said that the school firmly believes in the famous words of Coleridge:

"He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small. For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."



Tieless Friday

At intervals on Friday, March the twelfth, one might have heard the following brief conversation:

"Say, what's all the commotion down at the other end of the hall? That fellow in the center looks like he was having his throat cut."

"That's nothing, they're only taking off his tie, and he isn't so keen about it. And by the way, off with your own tie. You're no privileged character."

Yes, it was Tieless Friday, one of the school's sacred traditions. The idea was originated by the class of '25, and the day this year produced excellent results, yielding in the vicinity of three hundred and fifty gorgeous bits of neckwear, which were immediately turned over to the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, where no doubt they will be sincerely appreciated. Don't be downhearted, fellows, if you lost your favorites; there are plenty more good ties in this world.









DANIEL M. SCHUYLER, JR.

EDGAR GOLDSMITH

Advertising Contest

Each year, when the task of editing the REVIEW is brought to a head, our "ad" manager, with the helpful (?) suggestions of the Staff, strikes upon some plan of action, in order to arouse interest in the obtaining of advertisements. This year the success of our contest was unprecedented. Classes were kept notified of their respective standings by huge thermometers on the bulletin board, in which the mercury was seen to rise slowly but steadily, as every morning certain students were seen trooping in to see "Mel," with their ad contracts tightly clutched in their hands, and with radiant smiles covering their countenances. The eighth grade was slow in starting, but, led by the veteran go-getter. "Danny" Schuyler, soon obtained a substantial advantage, which they held until the close of the contest. In addition to this, there was an individual campaign that waxed so hot toward the closing date that the REVIEW was compelled to give two awards; one to Edgar Goldsmith, who beat "Danny" Schuyler by one ad in the race for the most ads; and the other to "Danny" Schuyler, who brought in more space than any other contestant. Thanks are due for the success of the contest to our own "ad" manager, Melvin Pfaelzer, and to the teachers who so ably helped him in his difficult task. Others who are worthy of mention are:

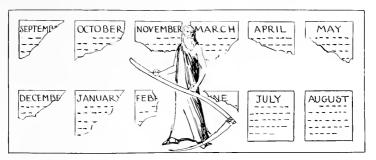
HUGH LAWRENCE EDWARD LOEB MORT SINGER

ROBERT ASCHER LEROY HOFFMAN EDWARD STERN

MAXWELL HEYMANN







The Calendar

September 24

A rapid survey showed few newcomers. No one found asleep. Freshmen as usual wild and dumb. Football practice starts with a big squad out.

September 25

First absentees: football players. 11:00 A. M. Hurrah! A new kind of cookies! Freshman still dumb.

September 29

Season starts with a bang—Harvard 6, Calumet 0.

October 1

Harvard's poor run-down students are given the additional nourishment of milk with their cookies.

October 6

Mr. Haefner drowned out by emphatic denials, as he accuses Seniors and Juniors of doing nothing.

October 7

"It ain't gonna rain no more," says the coach cheerfully, and we practice in a lively shower.

October 9

Must be Schnadig's birthday. We get our first good look at his face as he comes from behind his beard.

October 10

Department of passports opened in C-1. Mr. Haefner over-whelmed by many calls for visés. Berger and Swartchild, running on scheduled time, check out for Ford terminal at 11:15, returning promptly at 11:21½.





October 12

In addition to the usual hot air around school, our classrooms are flooded with smoke as the furnace goes on strike, and we are excused for the day. Oh! Well, it was Columbus Day, anyhow!

October 15

A terrible racket is heard as gentle strains of harmony waft themselves through the ventilator, while Mrs. Waddell breaks in a new corps of sopranos, tenors, baritones, basses, etc.

October 16

Seniors not wishing to be outdone, enter song competition and after singing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," eight times, decide that "Copenhagen" is more diverting.

October 19

The candy kids from Mount Carmel are eaten up as Harvard wins, 19-0. Much indigestion follows.

October 20

Cone, feeling that two hours hard scrimmage was insufficient, nicely drops part of the squad at 56th and Dorchester to give them a little road work.

October 27

After strenuous Monday night faculty meeting, Mr. Haefner announces to the trembling inmates that any prisoners found wandering through forbidden corridors will be sent up for thirty days—in Study Hall.

October 28

Foster braves Harvard ridicule by appearing in spats. Immediately four fellows help him off with his clothes and give him excellent butler service.

October 30

After many minutes of hard fighting, we tie Lindblom, 6-6.

November 2

Harvard's symphony orchestra, alias the Salvation Army band plays at the lightweight game.

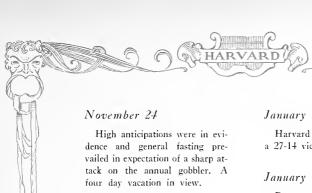
November 6

Gimbel goes on a rampage in Chemistry Lab. period. Mr. Vaubel orders new outfit.

November 19

Harvard defeats Chicago Latin, 6-0, thus completing its schedule without a defeat. A success only once before equaled at Harvard.





November 29

Back to the grind again. Schnadig, Berger, Freisleben and Wineman return from a much contemplated trip to St. Louis, which did not materialize.

December 10

Sophs ride Mr. Stalnaker's goat for a change and a little diversion.

December 18

Joyful outlook for vacation grimly interrupted by posting of examination schedule.

December 22-23

Exams stage a landslide, burying many in the debris of books and papers. Teachers showered with neckties, hairpins and handkerchiefs.

January 4

Many tired students return to school exhausted by the hard vacation. Basketball prospects look promising for a successful season.

January 8

Harvard opens the season with a 27-14 victory over Fenger.

January 12

Per usual-all the fellows out for practice. The coach has the fellows well trained this year. Something new.

January 26

Harvard turns Co-Ed. Two good looking girls found strolling down the main corridor.

February 5

Harvard beats U. High, 11-7. It was said fortunes were made and lost at this eventful game.

February 10

Bosch found asleep in class. He must be reading good books till the wee hours of night.

February 12

Something new appears Harvard. Snow pledges prohibiting the throwing of those deadly missiles within the limits of school.

February 18

We split with Pullman. Our heavies winning, 27-22.





February 28

Coach is turning out an exceptional hasketball team that is making a remarkable record for itself.

March 1

The first nice day of spring is welcomed by the baseball fans, Levis, Pfaelzer and Johnson.

March 3

Berger challenges Schuyler to a fight. Schuyler proves to be a fighting fool.

March 8

Pfaelzer, Levis start new fad by wearing spats. The school is getting so ritzy that they are contemplating tea dances in the afternoon.

March 9

Mr. Stalnaker does a Paul Revere act, and comes to school on a motor-cycle.

March 10

Harvard closes basketball season with a win over Luther.

March 12

Tieless Friday. It proves to be a necking success.

March 17

St. Patrick's Day. Everyone wears green except freshmen. They are green enough. Seniors are foolish and eat in Harvard cafe and then parade 47th.

March 16

The day of Freshman-Senior basketball game, Ederheimer fakes a study hall slip, and puts the Senior class behind the bars. The Seniors then fool the Freshman by winning, 19-8.

March 24

Seems as though Spring has come. It is warm and the fellows are playing ball in the back yard.

March 26

Wrong again. Big snowfall. No hope for baseball for a while.

March 27

Juniors beat Seniors and win class basketball cup.

March 29

Mr. Pence comes late with exam papers. He is given a royal reception by the students eager for the examinations.

April 2

Vacation begins. One week of night life in sight.





April 12

After a fine vacation of rain, snow and a few nice days, we return for more punishment.

April 16

"It won't be long now," says Karger as he pushes the Review Staff to complete their work.

April 20

"Ask the man who owns one," is the motto of the Sophomore class. Almost every member has his own car.

April 21

Much ado about school. Black and Gold baseball teams are organized. The track stars are practicing for the inter-class track meet.

April 26

Swartchild returns after a week's sojourn at Atlantic City. Billy discovers that the auctioneers are crooked.

May 1

The "Review" goes to press.

May 30

Decoration Day falls on Sunday.

June 1

Boo-Hoo, only fourteen more days of school!

June 18

The Seniors graduate. Many regretful sighs as they leave Harvard.

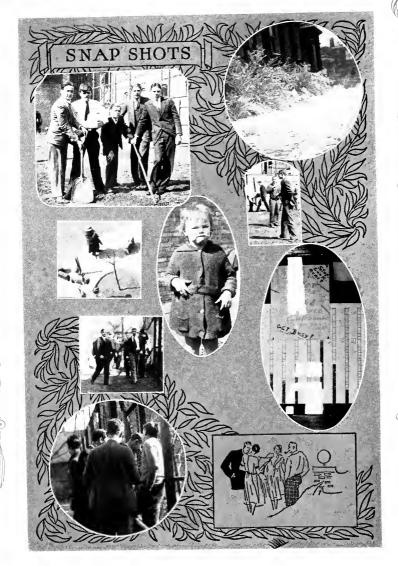
June 19

Junior Class Prom.

As Kept By W. D. B., '26.









Hamlet and the Actors

-Hamlet







"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

-MILTON.

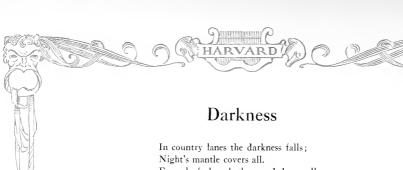


To a Night Moth

When the night begins to fall, And on earth comes darkness' pall, Then around the light you fly Like a fairy soaring high— 'Til the cock's crow heralds dawn; Then off you flit and soon are gone.

Voyager on dusty wings, Who to us light and beauty brings, Flying 'round the candle bright, Darting through the murky night, Would that man could be like thee, Always happy, always free.

TILDEN STRAUS, '29.



From leafy bough the wood dove calls; There's peace in hut and hall.

In city streets the pall of night Brings evil in its train; Prowlers and thieves avoid the light, Seeking for wrongful gain.

When on the sea the curtain drops, The storm is fierce and wild; But tranquil are the mountain tops, The murky dark is mild.

WILLIAM M. SCHUYLER, '27.

Light

The torches flare with flickering light, As throngs go surging through the night; The moon's pale face shines gently down Upon the garden far from town. At length, the weary vigil past, The roseate dawn has come at last, The sun's bright rays illume the sky; Behold! A cross is raised on high. What wondrous light is that which seems To flood the earth with radiant beams, Transcending far the golden morn's? It's streaming from a Crown of Thorns.

WILLIAM M. SCHUYLER, '27.



An Ocean Greyhound

The ship leaves port, and gathering way, Fades 'mid the dusk of closing day, And like a brave old greyhound, Westward turns its mighty bow. Calm is the sea-'tis well: With only the rising of the long, smooth swell To give good show of its indomitable power. Steadily glides the liner in darkness' hour, Ever onward into the solemn west, Into the storm-tossed bosom of the tempest. Now the gentle breeze begins to blow, Ruffling in windy gusts the flow On the quiet surface of the heaving sea; And ruthlessly thrashes the waves in its glee. Then that old warrior Neptune rides forth on high, With long white hair, flowing beard, and wild triumph in his eye, As with his great trident in heaven's lofty dome, He lashes the waves and whips up the white foam. The lightnings flash, streaking the gloomy sky, And with mighty grandeur the heavens glorify. Yet still the great ship plunges on into the night Like a staunch warrior braving the fight, And firmly through the sea it ploughs, The salt spray darting from its boughs. At dawn the troubled waters lie Vanguished, as the sun blazes in glory; And still the ship goes on and on,

J. S. K., '26.

Triumphant in victories won.



Jazzology

A hundred years or so ago I'm told, The "Prisoner's Song," Guy Massey did unfold. A century lived the ballad and love-tale, As "Love's Old Song" and "There's a Long Long Trail." Until in '18, when with lively air, We gloried in the war-song "Over There." And following that, there swept the nation soon A song called "Dardanella," sweeter tune. Then "Alice Blue Gown," a joy for one and all, Until in such type music came a pall. A lingering song, "I Love You" wove a spell Upon the sentimental few who dwell In clouds. "Look for the Silver Lining" and be gay, And leave your troubles for "Some Other Day." A writer of songs, Berlin, of New York fame, Wrote "All Alone" and made himself a name: Then thrilled us with a waltz, "When Lights are Low," For every belle to dance with her best beau. In "Tea for Two" we found a welcome change And its companion piece with thought not strange. The song "Remember" followed on its heels, And then the world responded to the peals Of "Lantern of Love," a song we all adore; Of such we wish song authors would write more. Thus ends our list of tunes penned up-to-date, But greater hits are coming, and we'll wait.

MELVERNE MAEGERLEIN, '28.



But have you ever considered the winter, And the glories of beautiful fall?

Autumn finds nature radiant in colors, Afire with the rays of the sun: The fields a finished product, Mother Nature's work being done.

Seasons impress me as humans, Spring as a child at its birth, Lovely, and yet quite unknowing Of the good and the bad of the earth.

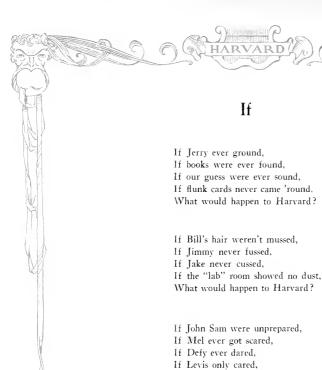
Summer is sultry-depressing, Panting beneath the red sun. It makes us so hot and unhappy We long for the cool days to come.

Now autumn is older and wiser, Quite beautiful and pleasing to all, Gaily clothed in colors entrancing Not another is nicer than fall.

Winter so harsh and so wrinkled Creeps in like a bitter old crone, Evil peers out from her visage, Her breath freezes all like a stone.

There are the seasons in order. Described with their traits and their hues. As the nicest, I feel it's quite certain 'Tis the fall that you all now will choose.

DONALD CRAIG, '27.



If meetings were always attended, If notebooks never were lended,

What would happen to Harvard?

If lessons were comprehended, If ways were sometimes mended,

What would happen to Harvard?

If Roy never said, "Well," If the guys could give the yell, If Lawry's temper never fell, If-History could not tell What would happen to Harvard?

R. B. L., '26.





Belles

See the freshly painted faces of the belles,

Pretty belles!

What a story of cosmetics their brilliant make-up tells.

How they cuddle, cuddle, cuddle

In the icy air of night,

When from dances home they ride

With their fellows by their side

In the limpid, soft moonlight,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a jazzy sort of rhyme

To the sound of ukeleles that so musically swells.

Oh, these belles, belles, belles!

Hear the laughing and the singing of the belles.

See the paintless, wearied belles,

Wholesome belles!

What a broad, vast fund of knowledge their horn-rimmed specs How they study, study, study,

Never having any dates.

Caesar, Virgil, Cicero,

Seems to me is all they know.

All alone, all alone, is decreed by all their fates.

Just the grind, grind, grind,

As they cultivate their mind,

Never dancing, never talking, never mixing with the swells;

For they think that dissipation such as soda-water tells

On the pale and horn-rimmed faces of these meditative belles.

M. A. P., '26.

(With apologies to Poe.)



Two stealthy figures slowly creep To the edge of the town, while all are asleep; And mounting two horses waiting there, Ride quickly away through the chilly night air.

They jump over fences, not at streams do they tarry, For well do they know in the secret they carry The fate of the fatherland lies.

But just as the sun rises over the hills, And the earth with its glory and radiance fills, Into the camp they ride at full speed, And crying, "To arms," they accomplish the deed.

TILDEN STRAUS, '29.

April

I love to wander in the woods Upon an April's day, And to see the first flowers of the year Begin to sprout and bud; To see the now long-dormant trees Again show sign of returning life; And to behold the dark and billowy clouds, Which warn us of the coming storm: To hear the sweet warble of the birds. Come back once more for summer time; While at eve the moon With a myriad of tiny twinkling stars Casts silvery shadows on the forest's floor. Oh, April, what a month thou art!

L. K. S., '26.



A Nosey Mouse

Trembling lurker in the gloom, Wait until I get a broom. From that pantry over there I just saw you "take the air." If you come another day, With your life you then must pay; For I like cheese and so do you, But what I buy is not for two.

ARTHUR LEVY, '29.

A Modern Version

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
Where the village smithy used to be,
Is a "hot dog" stand all painted white;
It's open for business both day and night;
And the tourists who come from near and far
Jam the highway with many a car;
And the children coming home from school
Look in to watch the "hot dogs" cool.
But where is the smith who used to be
In the good old days 'neath the chestnut tree?
With arms like iron and sinewy hands,
He too has gone south to buy Florida land.

MELVERNE MAEGERLEIN, '28.



Ode to "Sprig"

Let all rejoice and hearts be light, For spring is here with its delight. In story books and fables old It brings the flowers we are told.

But this year's spring (like all the rest) Is sickening to e'en the best; And with sun and flowers far remote, It brought me naught but a bad sore throat.

When life should be so full of thrills, All I can do is swallow pills. Sweet odors permeate the breeze; I lie in bed and cough and sneeze.

When lovers should love and roam the hills, I find I'm swamped with doctor bills, But "sprig has cob'd," and summer is nigh; All will be well, so what care I?

W. G. S., Jr., '26.



The Song of Highastepper

Listen to this little story Of the dancer, Highastepper, He the best of all the dancers, He the handsomest of dancers, With his tie of many colors, With his pants of thirty inches, With his very baggy trousers, And his double-breasted suit coat. In the theatre, "Bestosleepin," In the king of all the theatres, Sat the dancer, Highastepper, With his partner, Charlestonetta, She the fairest of all dancers. She the demon of the dancers. There they sat in all their splendor, Waiting for the Charleston contest. Finally did the contest open, Did the thrilling contest open. One by one the couples strutted; Back and forth they danced together. Soon came the turn of Highastepper, And the turn of Charlestonetta, All the people watched and waited For Highastepper and his partner; Until at last the stage they mounted. Gracefully they danced together, Danced the lively step, the Charleston, Danced before the staring people. And the contest being over, After they had shown the people How to do the daring Charleston, They received the cup of silver. So thus ends my little story, Ends my story of the Charleston.

ROBERT S. KARGER, '30.



To the Primary Department

We will not have it said of us, Not even by the head of us, That we are dudes and sheiks—that sort of crew! Oh, no, from worst to best of us, The dunces and the rest of us Think fancy shirts and pants like skirts taboo.

We try to learn, the most of us, So Harvard School can boast of us, What real he-boys like us would better know. It seems to be effectual; One must be intellectual, And learn to read and write as well as grow.

And so we have orthography, And what we love, geography. It's fun to hold of other lands the keys; To find that pink and yellow daubs On maps mean really fellow mobs Of Arabs, Eskimos, and Japanese.

Sometimes the combinations though,
Of numbers are vexatious, though
To add and multiply is lots of work.
Division oft perplexes us;
Subtraction also vexes us;
We must confess we'd sometimes like to shirk.

But we are loyal, all of us,
The largest and most small of us;
Our school and rooms and grades we shall not fail.
And we'll heighten Harvard's glory yet;
She has not told her story yet,
Till the Primary Department adds its tale.

ETHEL A. ELDER.

The Four Bohemians

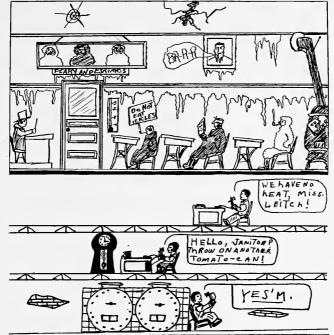
—La Bohême







BEFORE













HEIGHT OF SOLID COMFORT

Mr. Vaubel: This class is just one day behind the place where it was two days ago.

Jerry: Why is some gold yellow, while other is not?

Mr. Vaubel: Chemists are unable to tell.

Mel: I know; because it's got carrots in it.

Mr. Vaubel: Do you know why the runaway street-car went across Drexel when the lights were red?

Skillman: No, why?

Mr. V.: Because the motorman was green.

Bill: Is Mel a good chemistry student?

Jake: Good? I should say he is. He's got the acids eating right out of his hands.

Uncle George decided one day to toss a coin to see whether he should go to bed or go out walking. He had to toss up fifteen times before he got "walking."

Mr. Vaubel: The principal trouble with this class is that, instead of looking over the lesson, it overlooks it.

Mr. Vaubel (having question misunderstood by Wineman): Don't they speak English on Ellis Avenue?

John: Not so good.

Mr. Vaubel: Bosch, how do you spell "receive"?

Hank: I'm not sure whether it's "ie" or "ei."

 $Mr,\ {\it V.:}\ {\it Very good}$; it's a poor speller who can't spell a word more ways than one.





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Swartchild: I can't see how I got such a low mark in this exam. Mr. Ford: It's because you omitted so much.

Swart .: Where?

Mr. Ford (pointing to paper): See, there it is omitted.

Students: Gee, Mr. Haefner, it's hot in here.

Mr. Haefner (scrutinizing thermostat closely): What are you fellows complaining about? It's only 90° in here.



A Trig. VI Class

A Tragedy

CAST OF CHARACTERS: Trig. VI class, Mr. Stalnaker, instructor.

PLACE: Room C4.

TIME: Any day from 9:20-10:10.

(Everyone is standing up, walking about, and talking loudly.

Enter Mr. Stalnaker.)

Mr. Stalnaker: Sit down and keep still; you're all like a bunch of girls.

Bosch: Aw, that's old.

Mr. S.: There is only eight homework papers on my desk.

Schnadig: There is-Ha-Ha! There is! You're hot!

Berger: Shut up.

Mr. S.: Well, Schnadig, it happens to be yours that's missing. What's the matter?

Schnadig: I didn't have time. I'll hand it in later.

Mr. 8.: Here it is Thursday, and the fourth consecutive day you haven't handed in your work.

Schnadig: Say, whiz, last week I did all my work.

Mr. S.: Well, see that you get it in before 3:10. Now to get to the lesson. Gimbel, what is the sine of any angle?

Gimbel: It's the adjacent side over the hypotenuse.

Pfaelzer: You're all wet. It's the hypotenuse over the adjacent side.

Levis: Wrong as usual; let me tell you, Mr. Stalnaker.

Gimbel: Who said you knew?

Freisleben: Can't we open the windows?



Swartchild: Say, Mel, when's the Co-op dance coming off?

Pfaelzer: Next Friday.

Berger: What are you talking about? It's a week from Friday.

Schnadig: Gee, I'm tired; didn't get to bed last night until 7:30.

Mr. S.: Answer the question, Schnadig.

Schnadig: Say, don't rub it in; I know that I wasn't paying attention.

Freisleben: Can't we open the windows?

Mr. S.: I'm going to kick out the first one that talks.

Gimbel: That's a good one; now it's my turn.

Foster: Say, Gimbel, you little runt-

Gimbel: Aw, shut up.

Pfaelzer: Say, fellows, don't forget baseball practice tonight.

Freisleben: I can't come; I've got a date.

Bosch: Snake.

(and so on until the end of the period)

Mr. S.: Take the first fifteen on page 295 for tomorrow.

Pfaelzer: Say, what's the idea?

Levis: Aw, they're easy.

Pfaelzer: Shut up, you bonehead.

Swartchild: The first fifteen on page 295?

Gimbel: No. the first 295 on page 15.

Foster (waking up): What's the assignment?

Mr. S.: I hope we didn't disturb you, Bill.

Foster: Oh, that's all right, I only work here.

Pfaelzer: Well, I quit, it's time to go.

Mr. Pence (out in hall, clapping his hands): Come, boys, you'll be late to your next class.

Berger: Clap hands; here comes Charlie.

(Class files out quietly.)

R. B. L., '26.





Can You Imagine—

Bill Foster speaking to a Freshman?

Coleman without Baer?

Levis on a Kiddy-car?

Johnson without his "H" sweater?

Coach with anything on his hip besides a floorburn?

Freehling not shadowing Roy?

A Freshman with a moustache?

Tilden Straus with nothing to say?

Moses not blowing about Culver?

Mr. Pence working in his garden?

Miss Letsch with nothing to do?

Mr. Vaubel consistent?

The water fountains on the third floor in working order?

The French Library?

Little Boy (in manual training class): Mr. Vaubel, I've forgotten my number in line.

 $Mr. \ Vaubel$ (aghast): You've forgotten your number? What is it?

Little Boy: Eight.

Hasterlik (at Francis Parker game): Gosh, that referee is rotten. I never saw a poorer one in my whole life.

Woman (sitting next to him): That's all right; I'll stick up for him. I only happen to be married to him.

Heard at last year's Junior Prom:

Ardent Wover (to fair young maid): May I have the last dance?

F. Y. M.: My impression is that you've already had it.

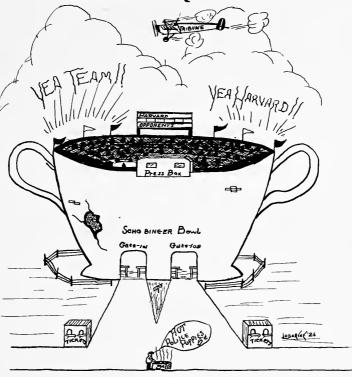
Heard just before Christmas in the Freshman English class:

Mr. Haefner: What kind of clause is this?

Gillies (waking up): Santa Claus.



Unknown Quantities



Also:

The athletic fund
The Seniors' weekly charity collection
Gimbel's military rank
Labarthe's status as a student
The seating capacity of Mr. Stalnaker's motorcycle
Miss Schobinger's former classroom
The recipe for the lunchroom gravy





Memories of Mrs. Johnson

A starts out from Peking, walking at the rate of 3 miles an hour. B starts out from New York at the rate of 234 miles an hour. If A left last Thursday and B today, and both are walking eastward, how long will it take C at a rate of 100 miles in 16 hours to walk 8 hours? Answer in seconds to six decimal places. Use any formula you desire.

To Dose Who Hope to Graduate This Yeer—

Brudders 1 and awl, have eny uv youse ever bin present at a meeting uv dat bunch uv bums vouse call Seenvors? dem babys shur ar tuf bozos, de prezident is a kerly-heded guy dev call Jim. he ain't haff bad for a Seenyor. den dis guy called Jon who iz de big noiz on de REVYOU and haz for iz. He will pass in a big crowd. after him cumz de fella wat keeps de REVYOU frum bein two expensif. also everybody nos Laurie writes lotz uv artikels. After him we got dat guy whot tawks all de big men in de sity inter putin der names in de REVYOU, youse awl no Mel dont ya, say haz eny uv youse ever seen a wawkin proof uv eet an grow thin, i takes grate plezure in introdoosin Bob Levis. evry class needs an athleet an if ever der waz won its Roy, his odor haff who doz de scrappin iz-dats rite youse no who i meen Elmer de frenchman. an say i fergot to tell youse he duz de yellin too. now iz goin to sho youse de guy wat makes us laff. i gess vouse awl no Bill Swart. hez enuff to make eny won laff. won day Bill Berger star gard on de baskitball teem made a baskit an now dat boy haz a spraned rist. are grate sukses in athletiks iz doo to de efforts uv Jerry de boy frum home who wuz de maniger uv de teems. Bill Foster iz shur a wiz at drawin and i dont meen maybee. las not but leest iz Billy Gimbel de hero uv meny a tale. he sez culver haz improoved lots sins he went ther.

JOSEPH MEYER.
(Wid apolajeez to Snowsho Ale)





WHERE THE LAB BELONGS

Heard in Latin VI

Already now for several years I seem to myself to see (hey, where's the place?) that nothing to the state is of harm (grammar, page 236, a-1). Since these things are so forsooth (stop prompting) I have led into my mind that better than him there is none which (hey, John, how far does the lesson go?). And for indeed he is the most noble, most nefarious, most loving, and most unimpaired to the city (See note on page 47, paragraph 86, a-2, note). Maybe perhaps who can tell already (gee, are you dumb) it was decided to Cicero that if there was anything of genius in the heart of that man, he would lay the whole matter before the senate (William, stop talking). The lesson for tomorrow will be—hey, Mr. Ford, make it short.



The Hospitality of Bishop O'Connor

(Les Miserables modernized)

A Tragedy in Two Acts

CAST OF CHARACTERS: Bishop O'Connor,

Emma Goldman, maid, Martin Durkin, thief.

ACT I.

TIME: Dusk, hot summer evening.

PLACE: Comfortably furnished home; Emma seated in front of huge open fireplace, in which there is a fire blazing. She is fanning herself vigorously.

Emma (to herself): It coitainly was hot today; gee, I wish it would rain. (Hears rain on the roof, and cries "Eureka.")

(Enter Bishop)

Bishop: Good evening, my dear Emmer. You certainly look nice sitting in the dark. When do we eat?

 $\it Emma$ (aside): My Gawd, 1 forgot to order the beans for supper.

(Turns to the Bishop)

So long, Bish; I'm going down to the drugstore; they just received a fresh supply of nice sticky stamps. (Exeunt.)

Bishop: Fine woman, but her ideas are queer. (Sits down in chair near fire, mops his brow, viciously pulls open his collar, and relaxes.)

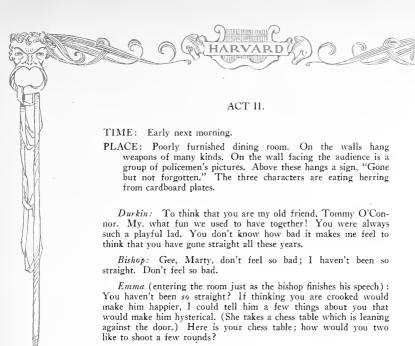
Emma (rushing in all out of breath): Hey! there's a convict loose in this burg, and they say he is headed this way. I'm going to put both locks on the door.

Bishop: Stop! Think that he is thine and mine brethren. Only put on one lock, and give him the pleasure of jimmying the joint. I shall not leave him in this summer heat to be tortured by tax collectors, book salesmen, and the Ku Klux Klan.

(Loud knock is heard, and a cry of ,"Who the h——I's in there?" The door is then jimmied open with a great deal of noise. A stranger enters the room, drops a bag of tools and an acetylene lamp with astonishment. He and the bishop stare at each other in surprise.)

INTERMISSION





(Bishop and Marty look at each other, and the former smiles.)

Bishop (in low tones): How about a few rounds of African golf instead? (Marty licks his lips and brings out a pair of Mah Jongg dice. He shoots, and for the first seven shots seven babies get new pairs of shoes.)

Marty (one hour later): This is my sixty-seventh pass; Ha-Ha-Ha.

Bishop: What's the joke, you crook? (Begins to foam at the mouth, and tear his hair, as he keeps tossing nickels into the pot.)

Marty: You're by no means getting sore, are you?

Bishop: I should say not. (Raises large horse pistol, aims, and fires.) I'll learn you to take advantage of my hospitality.

Marty (dying): You haven't changed a bit. (Dies.)

Bishop: I'll learn 'im; I'll learn 'im; Ha-Ha-Ha.

 $\it Emma$: It's too darn noisy around here; I'm going back to Russia.

THE ASBESTOS FALLS SLOWLY.

M. A. P., '26.





Awards and Honors for the Year 1925-6

By virtue of his untiring perseverance, HENRY BOSCH has been awarded the prize for being the greatest aid to the Staff in selling ads and subscriptions for the REVIEW.

To WILLIAM BILLY SCHUYLER has been awarded the prize for the greatest improvement in athletics for the year 1927. Owing to a deadlock in the balloting until two hours before the book went to press, the nature of the prize is unknown. This deadlock was due to the fact that two Seniors, Mr. Gimbel and William Gimbel, insisted on voting for the other candidate, William Jacob Gimbel.

To DONALD CRAIG the Staff has awarded the Field Museum of Chicago, because of his astounding interest in natural beauty.

To HERBERT DEANS has been awarded the prize for being the most dignified Freshman who ever ordered a Senior out of his way.

To RICHARD SKILLMAN has been awarded a full page photograph of himself, to appear on the cover of the 1924 Review, in order to alleviate partially his grief in not having been in the football group.

To Walter Johnson has been awarded a full strength silk lining for his "H" sweater, so that the school may be spared the expense of procuring him another one before the end of his Senior year. Honorable Mention: E. E. LABARTHE.

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-I Pagliacci





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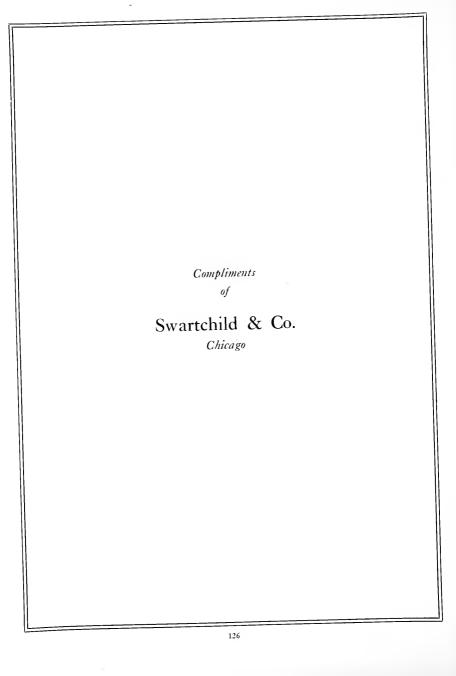
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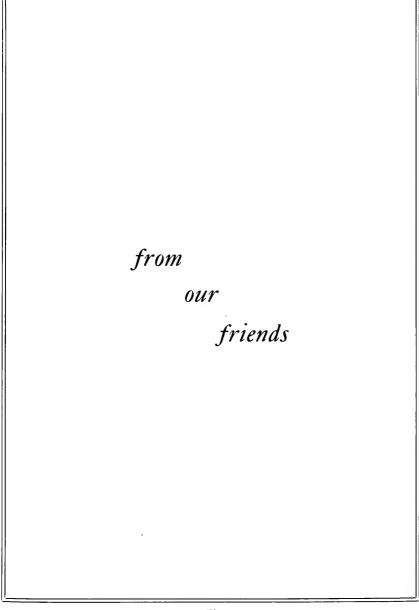
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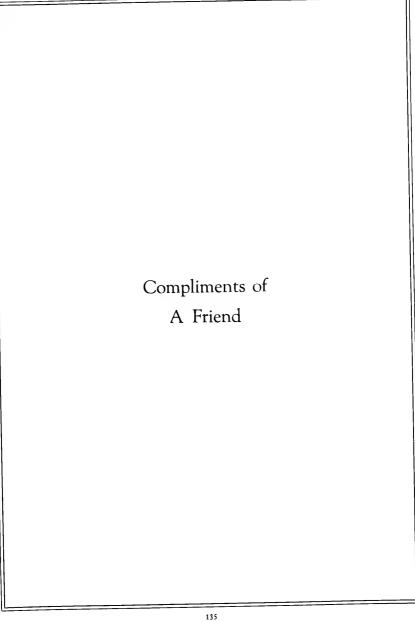
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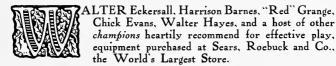
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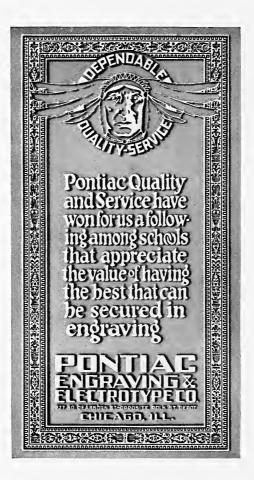
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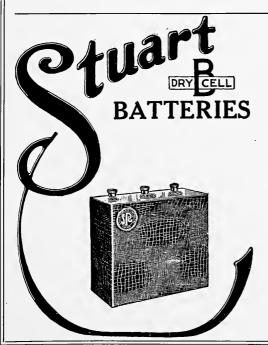
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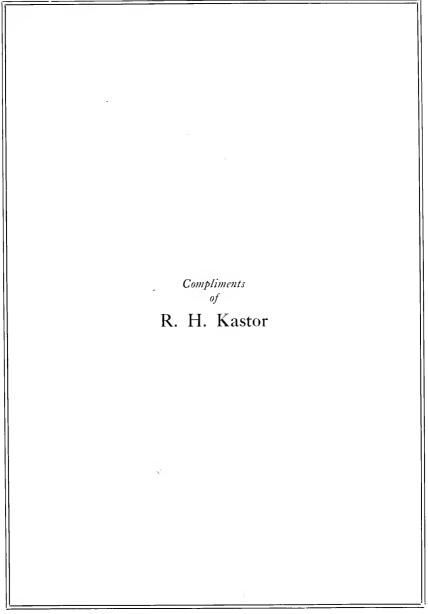
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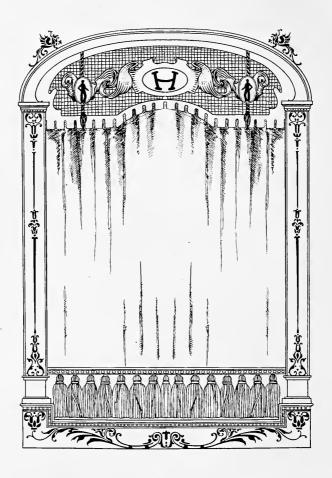
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